

"The Chimes of Termonde," facing this sonnet, has the same high authority of manner, and is equally tense with hatred of the war. Large things will be expected of this singer in the future. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

One of the latest biographies is "*The Life of John Hay*," by William Roscoe Thayer. The biographer is singularly fortunate in his subject, and the great statesman is equally fortunate in his biographer. For the most part the substance of the book is letters written by John Hay to friends and associates throughout his long and interesting career; there are also letters written to him, and letters written to the author while the work was in progress. These letters and reminiscences are woven together into a logical framework, and the author's comments and explanations are in absolute harmony with the literary charm and brilliance of John Hay's own words. John Hay, as a boy, and as a youth of promise and of parts at Brown University, furnishes a more interesting subject than any imaginary hero of fiction. From the entertaining accounts of his student triumphs and post graduate restlessness the book passes to the record of his association with Lincoln. Few reminiscences of that great man bring him, as a living personality, so closely home to the reader who never knew him as the letters and diary of his young assistant secretary. Many obscure points in the history of that period are cleared up, and many characters shown in a different, more truthful light than ever before. John Hay's position brought him in closest contact with Lincoln during the whole course of the War of the Rebellion, and he had an unrivaled opportunity for observing everything connected with the great crisis. In the accounts

of Hay's diplomatic career which began after the close of the war, we are given intimate glimpses of the court of Napoleon III., of the Austrian court, and of life in London. Essentially democratic, John Hay saw through the tinsel and pretence of monarchy; his comments show no disillusionment, for he never was illusional, but men and events pass through the alembic of his gentle, ironic criticism. It would be difficult to find another human being who touched closely almost all the men concerned in the field of American politics, diplomacy, journalism, art and letters from 1861 until 1905 as John Hay did. The record of his friendships, his literary work, his association with the greatest editors and journalists of his day, and his family life, supplements and enriches the history of his accomplishments as a statesman. The book gives a very thorough account of the period during which he was Secretary of State under McKinley, and later under Roosevelt. It fixes in a permanent form, for those who are inclined to forget in the excitement of all that has happened since Hay's death, the nature and greatness of his services to this country and to the world. Mr. Thayer brings to his work not only a spirit of admiration and appreciation, but a spirit of fairness. That Hay made some mistakes he admits, and the acknowledgment of occasional mistakes gives greater value and weight to his praise. There are biographies which are valuable books of reference (as this one is also), to be read once and placed neatly on the shelf until occasion demands their use, but "*The Life of John Hay*," it is safe to prophesy, will not rest long on the shelves if it reaches them at all; it is a book to read again and again for pleasure as well as instruction. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Chimes of Termonde," facing this sonnet, has the same high authority of manner, and is equally tense with hatred of the war. Large things will be expected of this singer in the future. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

One of the latest biographies is "*The Life of John Hay*," by William Roscoe Thayer. The biographer is singularly fortunate in his subject, and the great statesman is equally fortunate in his biographer. For the most part the substance of the book is letters written by John Hay to friends and associates throughout his long and interesting career; there are also letters written to him, and letters written to the author while the work was in progress. These letters and reminiscences are woven together into a logical framework, and the author's comments and explanations are in absolute harmony with the literary charm and brilliance of John Hay's own words. John Hay, as a boy, and as a youth of promise and of parts at Brown University, furnishes a more interesting subject than any imaginary hero of fiction. From the entertaining accounts of his student triumphs and post graduate restlessness the book passes to the record of his association with Lincoln. Few reminiscences of that great man bring him, as a living personality, so closely home to the reader who never knew him as the letters and diary of his young assistant secretary. Many obscure points in the history of that period are cleared up, and many characters shown in a different, more truthful light than ever before. John Hay's position brought him in closest contact with Lincoln during the whole course of the War of the Rebellion, and he had an unrivaled opportunity for observing everything connected with the great crisis. In the accounts

of Hay's diplomatic career which began after the close of the war, we are given intimate glimpses of the court of Napoleon III., of the Austrian court, and of life in London. Essentially democratic, John Hay saw through the tinsel and pretence of monarchy; his comments show no disillusionment, for he never was illusional, but men and events pass through the alembic of his gentle, ironic criticism. It would be difficult to find another human being who touched closely almost all the men concerned in the field of American politics, diplomacy, journalism, art and letters from 1861 until 1905 as John Hay did. The record of his friendships, his literary work, his association with the greatest editors and journalists of his day, and his family life, supplements and enriches the history of his accomplishments as a statesman. The book gives a very thorough account of the period during which he was Secretary of State under McKinley, and later under Roosevelt. It fixes in a permanent form, for those who are inclined to forget in the excitement of all that has happened since Hay's death, the nature and greatness of his services to this country and to the world. Mr. Thayer brings to his work not only a spirit of admiration and appreciation, but a spirit of fairness. That Hay made some mistakes he admits, and the acknowledgment of occasional mistakes gives greater value and weight to his praise. There are biographies which are valuable books of reference (as this one is also), to be read once and placed neatly on the shelf until occasion demands their use, but "*The Life of John Hay*," it is safe to prophesy, will not rest long on the shelves if it reaches them at all; it is a book to read again and again for pleasure as well as instruction. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LXIX.

No. 3729 December 25, 1915

FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXVII.

CONTENTS

I. Modern Austria. <i>By the Earl of Cromer.</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW	771
II. With a Voluntary Party in Serbia. <i>By John W. N. Sullivan.</i>	BRITISH REVIEW	783
III. The Tollhouse. Chapters XVIII.-XXI. <i>By Evelyn St. Leger.</i> (Concluded.)		788
IV. The First Hundred Thousand. XX. The Gathering of the Eagles. (Concluded.)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	800
V. What is a Good Plot?	TIMES	808
VI. Dorset Ruth. <i>By M. E. Francis.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	811
VII. The American Point of View.	SATURDAY REVIEW	815
VIII. The Four-Poster. <i>By R. C. Lehmann.</i>	PUNCH	819
 A PAGE OF VERSE		
IX. British Merchant Service, 1915. <i>By C. Fox Smith.</i>	SPECTATOR	770
X. The Little White Roads. <i>By Hugh A. MacCaratn.</i>	NEW WITNESS	770
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		820



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE,
1915.

Oh down by Millwall Basin as I went
the other day,
I met a skipper that I knew, and to
him I did say:
"Now what's the cargo, Captain, that
brings you up this way?"

"Oh, I've been up and down (said he)
and round about also . . .
From Sydney to the Skagerack, and
Kiel to Callao . . .
With a leaking steam-pipe all the way
to California . . .

With pots and pans and ivory fans
and every kind of thing,
Rails and nails and cotton bales and
sewer pipes and string . . .
But now I'm through with cargoes, and
I'm here to serve the King!

And if it's sweeping mines (to which
my fancy somewhat leans)
Or hanging out with booby-traps for
the skulking submarines,
I'm here to do my blooming best and
give the beggars beans!

A rough job and a tough job is the
best job for me,
And what or where I don't much care,
I'll take what it may be,
For a tight place is the right place
when it's foul weather at sea!"

There's not a port he doesn't know
from Melbourne to New York;
He's as hard as a lump of harness beef,
and as salt as pickled pork . . .
And he'll stand by a wreck in a mur-
dering gale and count it part of
his work!

He's the terror of the fo'c'sle when he
heals its various ills
With turpentine and mustard leaves,
and poultices and pills . . .
But he knows the sea like the palm of
his hand, as a shepherd knows
the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to
dark—and half of 'em are true!

He swears in a score of languages, and
maybe talks in two!

And . . . he'll lower a boat in a hur-
ricane to save a drowning crew.

A rough job or a tough job—he's han-
dled two or three—

And what or where he won't much
care, nor ask what the risk may
be . . .

For a tight place is the right place
when it's wild weather at sea!

C. Fox Smith.

The Spectator.

THE LITTLE WHITE ROADS.

O, little white roads that wander on
Over the world from east to west,
Whisper low in my ear and tell,
O, tell me the secret of your quest.
What do you seek at the world's dim
edge,

From what far land did your white
feet start?

O, my heart is full of wandering roads,
Little white roads that rend my
heart.

O, little white roads that glance along
To fairy glades where the young
winds play,
What is the guerdon that lures your
feet

Over the hills and far away?
Here in the valleys so fresh and fair
Life and laughter revel and run,
But you turn your face with a proud
disdain
To where the earth and the sea are
one.

O, little white roads, I too am fain
Of the lonely hills and the sunset's
fire,
And the molten sea at the dim world's
edge

Where slumbers the Isle of My
Heart's Desire.

Together we'll wander, you and I,
Upward and onwards, never to part,
For my heart is full of wandering
roads,
Little white roads that span my
heart.

Hugh A. MacCarath.
The New Witness.

MODERN AUSTRIA.

Signor Virginio Gayda, whose work, entitled "La Crisi di un Impero," has now been most opportunely translated into English, is a writer of ability. His facts are marshalled with lucidity. His generalizations, though perhaps at times somewhat too comprehensive, are bold and striking. His proclivities are ardently nationalist and anti-Clerical, with apparently a strong tinge of Socialism. He pours forth all the vials of his wrath on the Christian Socialists of Austria who, he considers, under the auspices of the late Dr. Lueger, betrayed the cause both of Nationalism and Socialism by forming an unnatural alliance with the Church. His work, which may without exaggeration be termed an account of what is possibly the last agony of the Hapsburg Dynasty, merits the attention of the politicians of all countries. It is, moreover, especially instructive for Englishmen. We are in this country so accustomed to associate Imperialism with over-seas dominion that we are perhaps somewhat inclined to forget that the essentially land Empire of Austria furnishes object-lessons of the highest import as to the manner in which Imperial problems may be solved.

If we seek to differentiate between the tasks which Austria and England have respectively set themselves to perform, we find that, in dealing with race problems, the former country has not, save to a very limited extent in the case of Bosnia, had to encounter the obstacles created by color antipathy, which precludes intermarriage; religious practices, such as the Hindoo caste system, which discourage social intercourse; or the various incidents

* 1 "Modern Austria. Her Racial and Social Problems." By Virginio Gayda. London : Unwin, 1915.

2 "The Hapsburg Monarchy." By H. Wickham Steed. Third Edition. London: Constable, 1914.

3 "The Southern Slav Question." By R. W. Seton-Watson. London: Constable, 1911.

which crop up in countries where polygamous institutions exist, or where the legal status of slavery is recognized, or where, as is the case amongst Moslems, religion and custom have given a character of rigid immutability to archaic laws. As regards the cleavage caused by differences of religious faith, it is not only possible, but highly probable, that Christian animosities, *inter se*, have proved an even greater impediment to amalgamation and assimilation in the Austrian Empire than those apparently more profound differences which separate all Christians from all Moslems and Hindoos. On the other hand, absolutist Austria has possessed one advantage which has been denied to democratic England. From the days of Pericles downwards, laws and politics in all democratic countries have invariably tended to produce a series of isolated measures lacking in that sustained consistency which absolutism renders possible. The advantage, however, is more apparent than real. History has abundantly shown that the instincts of blind, blundering, but withal well-intentioned Demos have, in many matters essential to national welfare, often led to happier results than those obtained by the trained intelligence, consistency of purpose and transmitted traditions of government possessed by the few. When, however, all these points of difference have been eliminated, there remains one central fact where similarity exists. Both England and Austria have been endeavoring to solve the main problem of Imperialism, which consists in harmonizing under one rule the interests of various races speaking divers tongues, differing widely in ethnological origin and culture, and often animated by conflicting national aspirations.

How have the two countries faced this problem? By methods which lie as the poles asunder. The difference becomes especially prominent if, leaving aside all purely administrative measures, which must necessarily present many features of identity in all civilized countries, we consider, not so much what England has attempted to do—for both the merit and demerit of Democracy is that it often cannot define its ultimate object with any degree of precision—but rather what she has not attempted to achieve. From the first connection of the English with the subject races which have fallen under their sway, a consistent and comprehensive policy of Anglicization has been definitely discarded. A sympathy, at times tepid but never altogether extinct, for the national aspirations of the subject race has been persistently evinced. It has been sought to conjure the danger to which Imperial rule is exposed through the action of extreme nationalism by just and beneficial administration, and by timely and limited concessions to nationalist demands.

The main aim of Austrian policy has been totally different. From the days of Maria Theresa and her headstrong son, Joseph II, onwards, although the methods adopted have varied, the object pursued has been the same. It has been to effect the Germanization of the various heterogeneous units which collectively make up the Austrian Empire. History records but one partial success in the execution of a policy of this sort. The easy-going polytheism of the ancient world greatly facilitated the process of Romanization, but even the Roman success can only be accepted with qualifications. There was a good deal of poetical exaggeration in the oft-quoted boast of Claudian that Rome's maternal instincts led her to gather into her capacious bosom all her subject races on

equal terms, while the eulogy of Rutilius—"Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam"—was speedily belied shortly after it was written by the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. Moreover, the stubborn monotheism of the Jews successfully resisted even temporary Roman assimilation; and total disruption ensued when it became evident that that complete homogeneity amongst the component parts of the Empire, which constitutes the only sure foundation of a powerful national character, was wholly wanting. As M. Le Bon says in his "*Lois Psychologiques de l'Evolution des Peuples*":

"*Cette communauté de sentiments, d'idées, de croyances et d'intérêts créés par de lentes accumulations héréditaires, donne à la constitution mentale d'un peuple une grande identité et une grande fixité. Elle assure du même coup à ce peuple une immense puissance. Elle a fait la grandeur de Rome dans l'antiquité, celle des Anglais de nos jours. Dès qu'elle disparaît, les peuples se désagrègent. Le rôle de Rome fut fini quand elle ne la posséda plus.*"

By what methods has Austria attempted to give effect to the policy of Germanization? The chief interest of Signor Gayda's book lies in the fact that he has subjected those methods to a pitiless analysis. He gives us a picture of an Austria which assuredly no longer deserves the epithet of "felix," with which the world has been familiarized by the old mediæval distich. The country is riven and torn asunder in a very special degree by all the most volcanic tendencies of the present age. Eight different nationalities contend for equality of treatment, and even at times for supremacy. It will be as well to enumerate them. They are the Italians, the Northern Slavs (Czechs, Ruthenes and Slovaks), the Southern Slavs (Slovenes, Serbs and Croats), the Poles, the Roumanians, and the Hun-

garians (Magyars). The whole political and administrative machinery of the country is honeycombed by the mutual rivalries of these various races. Amidst this mosaic of nationalities, there is no room for an Austrian fatherland. When the German speaks of "Austria," he thinks of Vienna, the Czech of Prague, the Pole of Cracow, and the Croat of Agram. Amidst all this nationalist chaos, the non-national Jew steps in and is gradually causing a social and economic revolution. He ousts the peasant proprietor, and in some cases the large landowner, from his rural possessions. He fixes with a relentless grasp on all the industries of the country, and he inspires all classes alike with fear and hatred. The need for social legislation of various sorts is urgent. It may be illustrated by a single, but very significant, fact. The census of 1900 showed that in Vienna there were no less than 165,000 people habitually living more than six in a room. Yet little or nothing can be done, because national rivalries and jealousies block the way to effective legislation. The aristocracy is tinged with mediævalism, and still holds tenaciously to many of its moribund privileges. The Church, which is animated by extreme Ultramontane sympathies, still exercises a predominant influence over the action of the State; while, at the same time, the political character which Catholicism has assumed has led to a decay of real religious faith. Nationalist sentiments are gradually penetrating into the army.

These are but a few of the symptoms of a disease which, if Signor Gayda's account be correct, permeates the whole body politic of Austria. They must be taken into serious account in considering a question which must inevitably before long engage the attention of the statesmen of Europe. That question is, Can Austria, as a single

political entity, survive the crisis through which the world is now passing? With the experience furnished by history, it would be rash to answer this question with a confident negative. There is much truth in Signor Gayda's remark that "there has always been in the history of this great and ancient Empire something which has, as it were, retarded its course. Revolutions, which have radically transformed other Western nations, have scarcely touched it in passing." The power of recuperation shown by the bundle of disconnected national units termed "Austria" from staggering blows which seemed calculated to ensure the total shipwreck of the whole machine of State has, indeed, been such as to astonish the world; but it is to be observed that this recuperative power was manifested at a time when dynastic rather than national interests determined the course of policy. The recoveries of Austria are not, in fact, indications of that sturdy and unquenchable health which enabled a homogeneous people like the French to recover from crushing defeat, but are rather to be regarded as incidents arising from the principles, then generally accepted but now loudly challenged, which were applied by all Europe in deciding on the destinies of nations. They happened when the maintenance of the Balance of Power was regarded by all statesmen as the cornerstone of European policy.

It is now very generally admitted by politicians of all shades of opinion in England that the principle of the Balance of Power, even if it be not altogether discarded, must be applied in a very different spirit to that which has heretofore prevailed. It was denounced by John Bright as "a foul idol, fouler than any heathen tribe ever worshipped"; and Bright's political successors, with the full assent of others of more conservative tendencies, have,

in a greater or less degree, joined in the condemnation. There is rather more to be said in favor of the abstract principle of the Balance of Power than some of its extreme opponents are at times inclined to admit. Some balance of power is very necessary in order to ensure the peace of Europe, and to prevent the abuse of power on the part of any specially formidable nation. The obvious intention originally entertained by Germany at the commencement of the present war to establish, not merely an European hegemony, but an omnipotent world-power, without any regard to national rights, at once caused the importance of the old arguments in favor of maintaining, even by clumsy methods, some sort of equilibrium between the powers of the great States of Europe to spring again into importance. But not a word can be said in defence of the manner in which in former times the principle has been applied. Under the old *régime*, the monarchs of Europe vied with each other in making arrangements, such as the successive Partitions of Poland, which inflicted cruel injustice on the populations concerned, who were considered as mere pawns in the game played by rival rulers and dynasties. The French Revolution produced no change for the better; and the evils of the system reached their culminating point during the period of Napoleonic ascendancy. "These Bonapartes," as Mr. Atteridge truly says in his history of "Napoleon's Brothers," "thought of marking out kingdoms on the map of Europe, and setting up thrones, much as company promoters think of registering companies and allotting shares."

Both the moral principles advocated by the best thought of Europe and a wise appreciation of the methods most calculated to preserve the peace of the world, alike rebel against the continuance of a system of this sort. It is

censured on ethical grounds. Its condemnation on practical grounds is scarcely less decisive, for its application has brought, not peace, but a sword into the world. It is now generally recognized by all the most advanced democratic nations that national rights and aspirations should be given precedence over any considerations based on the necessity of establishing, by artificial means, a proportionate distribution of power and influence. But it is too frequently forgotten that the mere acceptance of the principle will carry us but a very short way towards its practical application. It is here that the facts and arguments set forth in Signor Gayda's work become of special value. They demonstrate the very serious obstacles which have to be encountered in the application of the nationalist principle. The difficulty of dealing with territories where no ethnographical frontier exists, and where divers nationalities overlap, has been recently brought into special prominence by the internecine warfare which took place amongst the States of the Balkan Peninsula. Nor is this the only case in which the highest statesmanship will be required to reconcile conflicting national aspirations. It is a mistake to suppose that the internal conflict, which has for some long time past been raging in Austria, merely consists of one between the Slav and the Teuton. It is far more complex than that. The issue between Italy and Austria is, indeed, comparatively simple, although even in this case some questions of great intricacy may, and probably will, arise as between the national claims of the Italians and the Slavs. But the problem of reconciling the claims of the different units of the Slav race is far more bewildering in its complexity. Notably, there is, Signor Gayda remarks, "much to be done before a complete unification of the

Southern Slavs can be accomplished." Bolingbroke, speaking of the Hapsburgs in the 18th century, said: "I never think of the conduct of that family without recollecting the image of a man braiding a rope of hay, whilst his ass bites off the other end." Perhaps the "threefold ropes of twisted sand," with which, in the old Border Ballad, an attempt was made to bind the wicked Lord Soulis, who was in league with the devil, would be a more appropriate metaphor to apply to the political programme which, for many generations, the rulers of Austria have endeavored to execute. The task of welding together the component parts of the Empire into one cohesive whole would, in any case, have been one of extreme difficulty. The want of political insight displayed in the adoption of the methods designed to secure cohesion has enormously enhanced the intricacy of the problem. With, possibly, the single exception of Metternich, who, whatever may be thought of the policy with which his name will always be associated, was a man of powerful intellect, the soil of Austria has been singularly unprolific of statesmen of the first rank. The constructive genius of the Prussian Stein or that of the Italian Cavour has been conspicuous by its absence. The general character of Austrian statesmanship has been personified rather in the ineptitude of political tricksters, such as Thugut; and the diplomacy of men of this type was very unevenly matched when it had to deal with antagonists, such as Cavour and Bismarck, whose methods, though no less unscrupulous, far surpassed theirs in intelligence. Both Prussia and Italy profited by the mistakes of Austria. "Whenever," Sir Robert Morier says in his Memoirs, "the great Chancellor got into serious difficulty and seemed running his head straight up against a wall, a *deus ex machina* was certain to appear in the

shape of some gigantic blunder committed by his adversaries"; and, amongst those adversaries, Austria was assuredly the most blundering. Moreover, Austrian policy has always been characterized by a marked inability to recognize facts until their recognition was enforced by disaster. The dream of maintaining the Holy Roman Empire, which involved political dominion from the Eider to Brindisi, was not altogether dispelled even when that senile institution had at last received its final shattering blow at the hands of Napoleon. The crushing defeat of Sadowa was necessary before Austria could realize the truth. The pungent wit of Rivarol enabled him to state in epigrammatic form one of the causes which have led to successive Austrian failures in the realm of politics. "Les coalisés," he said, "ont toujours été en arrière d'une armée, d'une année et d'une idée." Count Andrássy, though a man of marked ability, thought that the presence of "a band of music" would be sufficient to quell all opposition to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In Austria, Signor Gayda says, "the truth is always discovered and understood very tardily."

But, whatever may be said of Austria's inability to stem the flowing tide of aggressive nationalism displayed by the heterogeneous units of the Empire, it would be in the highest degree unjust not to recognize that there has been a certain nobility and idealism in the programme which she has endeavored to execute. It has been based on the fundamental fact that German is superior to Slav civilization. Even so strong an anti-Austrian as Signor Gayda, who naturally looks at the whole Austrian question mainly from the Italian point of view, admits that German nationalism, in its struggle with Czech aspirations, "attempts to save a race and its national conscious-

ness by simply raising its standard of culture." The only hope of building an Empire upon a sure foundation of this description would have been to adopt measures calculated to persuade each subject race of the advantages to be derived from assimilating the superior culture which was within its grasp. The policy which Austria has adopted has been the antithesis of this principle. Generally speaking, she has striven to secure the predominance of German culture by the inexorable suppression of the culture of her subject races. Although the main aim has never varied, a certain amount of somewhat sinister elasticity has been displayed in the adaptation of the means to the end. In some cases, it has been sought to extinguish separatist tendencies by stern and direct measures of repression. In others, more subtle and indirect methods have been tried, with varying degrees of adroitness and with varying success. When, as in the case of the Slavs and Italians, no racial affinity exists, the national element which appears to constitute the least local danger has been used to overwhelm the rival and more menacing nationality. Thus, in the neighborhood of Trieste and on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, an attempt has been made to Slavify the population in order to crush out Italian National aspirations, which, alike from self-interest and inherited tradition, have always been regarded with special disfavor by the rulers of Austria. Where, on the other hand, racial affinities threaten an amalgamation of semi-conflicting interests, the aim of the Government has been to foment rivalries in order to keep the separate nationalities apart. Thus, every effort has been made to widen the breach between Croats and Orthodox Serbs. Moreover, in the very singular instance of the Ruthenes, to which more particular reference will presently be

made, Austrian statesmen, in spite of their strong anti-national proclivities, have not hesitated to throw aside their most cherished principles, and to encourage local national aspirations in order to combat the attractions of the more dangerous and more potentially absorbent nationalism of Russia. A brief description of the methods adopted and the results achieved in each of the separate units of the Empire will bring these points into greater prominence.

Of all the political problems which spring from the Austrian national medley, none ought to be more easy of solution than that of the eventual fate of the Trentino. Of the 347,000 inhabitants of this province, no less than 338,000 are Italians. The reasons which dictated the occupation of the province by Austria are purely strategical. It constitutes in reality "a great entrenched camp in the heart of Lombardy and Venetia, threatening the valley of the Po, one of the most vital arteries of Italy and the link between her richest and most productive cities." In this case, the most strenuous attempts to Germanize the province have been made. For administrative purposes it has been united to the South Tyrol, the most German of all the Austrian possessions. A lofty mountain barrier, whose only gate is through the Brenner pass, separates the two districts. They are not united by any natural tie, geographical, ethnographical, historic or economic. The natural outlet of the Trentino trade is towards the south. By the erection of a customs barrier an attempt has been made to force it in a northerly direction. The result has been to cause the decay of the silk, iron, glass and mining industries, which formerly flourished. "Isolated, forced back on itself, the Trentino had to transform itself from an industrial country into an agricultural Alpine land." In so far as the senti-

ments of the inhabitants are concerned, the policy of Germanization has proved a complete failure. Their sympathies remain wholly Italian. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, under any territorial re-settlement conducted on a nationalist basis, the Trentino should fall to Italy.

Of the 900,000 Italians who are subjects of the Emperor of Austria, about 200,000 are concentrated in Trieste, the town which Signor Gayda considers is "morally the capital of *Italia Irredenta*." A policy of direct Germanization offered, in this case, very little prospect of success. The German nucleus, which might have formed the foundation for the execution of such a policy, was almost wholly wanting. The population of Trieste and its neighborhood, when not Italian, is almost exclusively Slav. Nevertheless, some attempts in the direction of Germanization have been made. German schools in Trieste are liberally supported by the State, while such support is rigorously denied to schools in which the language used is Italian. In default of a policy of direct Germanization, which the facts of the case rendered impossible of execution, the Austrian Government has fallen back on attempts to denationalize the Italian population through the agency of the Slav element. Large numbers of Slovene laborers have been imported to work on the railway. Slav employés have in every administration been given the preference over Italians. Simultaneously, stern measures of suppression have been adopted against everything tending to keep alive the Italian national spirit. The editor of the leading Italian newspaper published at Trieste recently celebrated his twelve-hundredth confiscation.

It will thus be seen that the case of Trieste and its immediate neighborhood is more complex than that of the Trentino. One point, however, is

abundantly clear. In any territorial redistribution based on nationalist principles, the German claims may be at once put out of court. The population is certainly not German. It is partly Italian and partly Slav. Looking to the geographical facts and the other circumstances which have to be taken into consideration, it would appear reasonable, even after allowing for some exaggeration on the part of Signor Gayda, to allow Italian, within certain limits, to predominate over Slav claims. There is, however, one point in connection with this branch of the subject which is of great importance and which would appear to call for the very earnest attention of the statesmen of Europe and more especially of the rulers of Italy. Every one must desire that the peace to be concluded at the close of the present war shall be durable. Unless the question of the ultimate destiny of Trieste be most carefully handled, it may contain the seeds of very serious international trouble in the future. It is difficult to believe that the populations of Central Europe will permanently acquiesce in any arrangement which entirely shuts them off from a trade outlet in the Mediterranean. This source of danger would be minimized, though probably not altogether removed, by making Trieste a free port, and generally by the adoption on the part of Italy of a liberal customs and trade policy, which would encourage her northern neighbors to make commercial use of the Adriatic ports.

Italian ambition is, however, not limited to the acquisition of the Trentino, Trieste and Istria. It appears that Italy claims, if not the whole, at all events a considerable portion of Dalmatia. If nationality is to be the basis of future redistribution, it will be impossible to make this claim good. The Slav population of Dalmatia is far in excess of the Italian. Even Signor

Gayda recognizes that a "violent anti-Italian feeling" exists amongst the Dalmatian Slavs. It is difficult to believe that these sentiments are, as Signor Gayda contends, wholly artificial, and that they have been nursed into existence by the Machiavellian policy of the Austrian Government. Neither is his argument, that "the country's past has been wholly Italian, as its soul is even now," altogether convincing. It would appear, therefore, that unless Italy is prepared in some degree to play false to the principle of nationalism and to cherish dreams of conquest, considerable concessions will, in dealing with the case of Dalmatia, have to be made to the Slavs. Signor Gayda appears to recognize that some such concessions will be necessary.

"Undoubtedly," he says, "the Italian people must come to terms with the Slavs; they must not do violence to their national aspirations, their claims to economic liberty. But it is a question of restoring a just balance and the natural harmony between Italians and Slavs which existed before 1866, before the Austrian Government's new policy." He does not, however, give us any indication of the manner in which the "just balance" which he recommends may be established. It cannot be too strongly urged that a cordial understanding between Italy and the Southern Slavs is requisite, not merely in deference to the principle of nationality, but also because it is enormously in the interests of both races to hold together in the face of Teutonic aggression.

Priestly influences, which have always been allowed to exercise a disastrously preponderating weight in the councils of the Austrian Government, are clearly traceable in the treatment which has been accorded to Bosnia. The process of Germanization has, in that province, taken a form, than which nothing can be more calculated

to promote internal discord, of a campaign persistently waged on behalf of Catholicism against the Bosnian Church. There has been a large influx of Catholics into all the principal towns. The number in Sarajevo increased from 608 in 1879 to 10,762 in 1895. Croatian Clericals have been called in to administer the province. They now represent 42 per cent of the public employés. German has been made the current official language; and, as the different Northern Slav races cannot communicate with one another through the medium of their own languages, they are obliged to use German as a sort of *lingua franca*. The religious autonomy of Bosnia, which has endured for five hundred years, has been broken up. The Austrian Government has assumed the right of nominating the Orthodox bishops and "popes." Their stipends have been placed on the State Budget. They have thus been transformed into Government officials. In the schools, the use of the German and the disuse of the national language are encouraged by all possible means. "In every profession special favors are reserved for the Catholics; commercial concessions are given to them alone; large works and public contracts are entrusted only to Catholics and German foreigners." It is hoped that by these, and other similar means, Serbian nationalism, which is closely allied to Serbian Orthodoxy, will eventually be extinguished.

It is, however, in Bohemia that the war between nationalism and Germanization has been waged with the greatest bitterness and also with the most decisive results. It has turned very largely on the question of language. In 1905, under the auspices of Count Badeni, an ordinance was issued to the effect that all provincial functionaries must know both Czech and German; and, although the intense opposition to this ordinance led to its repeal before

any attempt had been made to execute it, it is none the less a fact that almost the whole administration of the country has passed into Czech hands. Out of 24,720 State officials, only 5305 are Germans. There are 1088 Czech, and only 161 German provincial employés. In the railway offices, 6890 posts are occupied by Czechs and only 1400 by Germans. In fact, to use Signor Gayda's expressive phrase, the Germans, in spite of their relatively high standard of intelligence and the acknowledged superiority of their civilization, are being "stifled by the Slav mass." But the Czechs are far from being satisfied with the triumphs which they have already achieved. The two races have been ever drifting further and further apart. A German member of the Austrian Parliament declared that he would rather believe in the dissolution of Austria than in the possibility of an understanding between Czech and German. As the breach has widened, the demands of the Czechs have increased. They now ask that Czech should be treated as an official language, and that there should be Czech Ministers. At one time, a solemn resolution was passed by the Czech "Club" to the effect that every deputy should pledge himself not to open his mouth in Parliament until his right to speak in his own language was acknowledged; and this was done in the face of the fact that at the time more than four hundred members of the Austrian Parliament did not understand Czech. In a word, it may be said that, in Bohemia, the policy of Germanization has proved a complete failure. It is clear that, whatever be the reason, the Germans, in spite of heroic efforts made through the medium of education, Labor Exchanges which favor Germans, and other similar methods, can neither assimilate nor even reconcile the Czechs.

The case of the Ruthenes is, as has

been already mentioned, somewhat special. There are three and a half millions of these people residing on the Russian frontier in the eastern zone of Galicia and in the Bukowina, besides half a million in Hungary beyond the Carpathians in the mountainous district which centres in Marmaros Sziget. They are in reality Little or Red Russians, who were rechristened Ruthenes by the Austrian Count Stadion in order, in some degree, to obliterate their Russian origin. They speak a language which is a dialect of Russian. In matters of religion, the mass of the population belong to the Greek Uniate Church, which, for all practical purposes, may be regarded as a branch of Catholicism. The policy adopted by the Austrian Government in this province has met with a certain degree of success; but it is especially worthy of note that this success is due, not to efforts made in the direction of Germanization, but to the adoption of a local nationalist programme. Every effort has been made to annihilate Russian sympathies and to form a new national Ruthenian individuality. In the schools an attempt has been made to adopt the Latin in the place of the Cyrillic character, and to transform the Little Russian dialect now in use into a separate and really autonomous language. A so-called Ukraine separatist party was, under the auspices of Count Badeni, called into existence. Its programme was explained by a leading Ruthenian deputy in the following words: "We Ruthenes are an autonomous people with a national and political character of our own, and as such we wish to cultivate and develop our nation in Austria. We bind ourselves to be loyal to the Pope and to Catholicism and to our Uniate Greek ritual." The apparent contradiction between the policy adopted by the Austrian Government in this region and elsewhere is to be explained by the reflection that

its aim has been, not merely to alienate Ruthenian sympathies from Russia, but also to attract those of the neighboring twenty-three millions of Little Russians who reside in Russian territory. Thus, it was probably thought, a gigantic Irredentist movement could be inaugurated against the Empire of the Czar. In spite of all these efforts, however, it would appear that the old Little Russian movement is not by any means dead amongst the Ruthenes. Signor Gayda thinks that it is merely slumbering, and that it is ready at some later period to be quickened into life. He declares that, among the 2500 priests of the Galician Uniate Church, there are at least 800 Russophiles who only wait their opportunity to break their connection with the Latin Church and again to draw near to Russia.

Hungary has remained comparatively quiescent since the concessions embodied in the "Ausgleich" were wrung from the Austrian Government; but the result of that arrangement has naturally been to enfeeble the general process of Germanization, and to create in its place a narrow policy of Magyarization, whose defects have been eloquently exposed both by Mr. Wickham Steed and by Mr. Seton-Watson. There are still two and a half millions of Germans in Hungary as compared to about ten millions of Hungarians, but the number of German schools has sunk from 1232 in 1869 to not more than 500 at the present time. Moreover, the claims of Hungarian nationalism have not yet been fully satisfied. Demands continue to be made for a separate flag, for the use of Magyar words of command in the army, and for an increase in the proportion of Hungarian officers in the Hungarian regiments.

Thus, with the solitary exception of the small purely Germanic nucleus—comprising the Vorarlberg, the Salz-

burg country, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria and Carinthia—the same features everywhere characterize the general political situation. The fire of nationalism burns so strongly as to obscure the flame of all other movements. Everywhere it has triumphed over economic interests. It has absorbed Socialism. On the one hand, the Socialists imbued with German sympathies have rallied to the Emperor, and have been jocularly given by their opponents the singularly paradoxical title of "Imperial-Royal Socialists" (K. K. Sozialdemokratie). On the other hand, the Czech Socialists, departing widely from the original programme of such men as Marx, Engels and Lassalle, have turned their attention to national rather than to economic aims. Even the Austrian bureaucracy, whose rigid uniformity had been regarded as one of the most powerful agents to further the process of Germanization, has become tainted with the nationalist spirit. "The great unitary *bloc* of the bureaucracy," Signor Gayda says, "is shattered."

Parliamentary Government, in the sense in which we generally understand that term, exists no more in Austria than it does in Germany. Nevertheless, the introduction of universal suffrage, in 1906, albeit the movement originated in a great measure from the desire of the Czech and Polish feudal nobility to secure their hereditary rights and privileges against the encroachments of the Central Government, constituted a real, and, without doubt, a perfectly honest attempt to deal with the several national movements which were rending the Empire asunder. It was hoped that, in a Parliament where all classes and all nationalities were truly represented, all would combine to deal with the real legislative needs of the whole Empire. The result has, in this respect, been most disappointing. The democratic

vote, far from allaying, has increased the intensity of nationalist exclusiveness. Particularism has triumphed over solidarity. Experience has shown that the representatives of the eight separate races view every question which is brought before them exclusively from the point of view of their own nationality. Thus, the whole legislative machinery of the State is, more or less, paralyzed. No measure of general utility can be passed into law without small economic concessions being made to each separate group in order to ensure a Parliamentary majority. Verily, as Signor Gayda says, race egotism is "powerful, exclusive and intolerant."

What is to be the outcome of all this bewildering political chaos? Signor Gayda does not attempt to solve the perplexing enigma. He merely observes that "some formula will certainly be discovered to solve it." The discoverer of that formula will contribute much to the cause of peace in Europe, and should earn the eternal gratitude of the various populations concerned; but he has yet to appear on the scene. In the meanwhile, it may be observed that, although the Protestant crusade, which had "Los von Rom" as its battle-cry, has as yet met with no great success, it may confidently be predicted that, were any attempt made to convert Austria into a great Slav Empire, the Pan-Germanist movement would at once be quickened into new and vigorous life. The leaders of that movement do not conceal their designs. One of them, speaking in 1906, did not hesitate to say:

"We are completely indifferent to the fate of the Austrian Dynasty and State; on the contrary, we hope and desire to be finally liberated from this State so as to be able to live under the glorious sceptre of the Hohenzollerns."

It is, indeed, inconceivable that the German Irredentists, for such they really are, who have up to the present time constituted the backbone of the Austrian Empire, should allow themselves to be completely "stifled by the Slav mass." If the principle of nationalism is pushed so far as to threaten their vital interests, they will clamor, and with much reason, for the same principle to be applied to them. They will demand that they should be politically united to their brother-Teutons of Northern Germany.

It seems, however, highly improbable that any attempt will be made to establish one great Slav Empire. There is in reality no true Pan-Slav movement in Austria. The Northern Slavs—the Czechs, Poles and Ruthenes—are geographically widely separated from their Southern brethren—the Serbs, the Slovenes and the Croats. Differences based on historical traditions, education, and language also stand in the way of amalgamation. Moreover, up to the present time there has been no real unity of purpose even amongst the Southern Slavs. Croats and Serbs are ethnologically related to each other. They speak a common language. But, while the former are Catholics and write in Latin, the latter are Orthodox and use Cyrillic characters. There has thus, up to the present time, been much hostility between these two branches of the Slav race. A Coalition party has, however, now sprung up whose object it is to unite the most intelligent elements amongst both Serbs and Croats. Signor Gayda thinks that the Southern Slavs are gradually getting to understand each other; and Mr. Seton-Watson, who enters into a full discussion of this highly important question, is of opinion that "Croato-Serb unity must and will come." It is greatly to be hoped that Italy will not interpose any obstacles to its accomplishment.

Amidst the numerous plans for federation and for the bestowal of local autonomy in various degrees, which have from time to time been put forward, only to be discarded by reason of the obstacles which they would have encountered in their execution, it appears that the scheme designated as Trialism is that which finds most favor at Vienna, while it also in some degree elicits the approval of the Slovenes and Croats. This plan would involve adding a third kingdom, that of Illyria, to the present Dual Monarchy. Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia would be gathered together in one group and would constitute a kingdom under the sceptre of the Emperor. The proposal appears statesmanlike, but it would be presumptuous on the part of any foreigner to hazard an opinion on its feasibility. It is, however, clear that it would encounter strong opposition in Hungary, all the more so because one of the objects of the Viennese politicians in putting it forward would not improbably be that, by the creation of a new Illyrian kingdom, some means might be found to balance the strong and at times even arrogant pressure which Magyar influence exercises on the Central Government. Moreover, it is certain that, as one of the results of the present war, the conditions under which in the future the problem will have to be solved will differ materially from those which have obtained in the past. It may well be that it is now too late to adopt the policy of Trialism with any prospect of success, and that nothing short of the creation of a wholly independent Southern Slav State will meet the requirements of the situation. The sword has been thrown into the balance, and the sword must decide. Mr. Steed, who was previously inclined to take a hopeful view of the future of Austria, says, speaking in the preface to the last edition of his great

work of the recent action taken against Serbia:

"I confess that, notwithstanding much experience of the foolishness and short-sighted unmorality of the Austro-Hungarian official world, I was not prepared for a policy so wickedly foolhardy, not to say deliberately suicidal, as that adopted by the advisers of the Hapsburg Crown in connection with the death of the late Heir-Presumptive. . . . I did not anticipate that even 'moderate foresight on the part of the Dynasty' would have been utterly lacking, nor that 'the line of least resistance' to intrigue and warlike clamor would have been so readily taken. In a word, I under-estimated both the folly and the cynical weakness of the men responsible for the management of Hapsburg affairs."

Pending the solution of this stupendous question it may be observed that the creation of a Southern Slav State would almost necessarily involve the acknowledgment of the independence of the Northern Slavs and the gravitation of the Austrian Germans towards Germany. In other words, Austria would cease to exist. The object of the present writer, however, is not so much to discuss what solutions are possible, as to perform the more humble task of directing public attention to its importance, and of indicating the very great difficulties which stand in the way of the full application of nationalist principles. It is well that the nature of those difficulties should be realized, not only by the statesmen, but also by the general public, of this country.

Finally, it would be both unjust and ungenerous not to recognize that the political bed of thorns on which Fate has destined that Modern Austria should lie, is not wholly of her own making. It has, in its essential features, been created by the onward march of democracy, which has given an immense impulse to the nationalist movement throughout the world. The political problems which have arisen out of

that movement are of surpassing difficulty. Nor is it as yet at all clear how they can be solved. It is the irony of Fate that the various issues at stake should have acquired special prominence in a country which, as Signor Gayda truly says, has "never grasped the importance of national movements and national passions," and which, as Mr. Steed puts it, has shown "a perpetual inability to appreciate the force of the moral elements in a situation." The accusation which may justly be brought against Austria is that her faulty statesmanship, far from tending towards a solution of the problems involved, has greatly enhanced their inherent difficulties. "Mistakes committed in statesmanship," Bismarck has said, "are not always punished at

The Quarterly Review.

once, but they always do harm in the end. The logic of history is a more exact and a more exacting accountant than is the strictest national auditing department." The day of retribution for Austria appears to be at hand. She has to give an account of her stewardship to the auditors, not only of her own country, but also of the civilized world in general. It can scarcely be doubted that their verdict will be unfavorable. The ultimate survival of Austria as a separate political entity is more than doubtful; but, if she is to survive at all, she will certainly have to make a radical change in the principles of government which, under priestly and military influences, have so far guided her action.

Cromer.

WITH A VOLUNTARY PARTY IN SERBIA.

I.

We left England at midnight, and rumor had it that we were about to pass through a mine-field which had broken loose in a recent storm. The rumor may have been baseless, but we were eager to believe it, for it heightened the feeling that now, at last, we were getting into more actual contact with the war. We were a voluntary party, bound for a hospital in Serbia. With scarcely an exception none of us had ever been to Serbia before, and some of us had no previous experience of hospital work, so that the whole adventure seemed as shadowy and indefinite as any lover of romance could desire. As one consequence the expedition had a distinctly festive character—a journey to Serbia in wartime seemed one gorgeous holiday.

The ship was a troop-ship, carrying officers wounded at the front to Egypt and India. We were flattered to note that, even before we spoke to them,

they took the liveliest interest in us. On the first day, at dinner, they were continually glancing at us and interchanging comments of which we were obviously the subject. It afterwards appeared that our uniforms had puzzled them extremely; the total absence of stars and such-like signs of rank in our case, and in the case of the American party bound for Montenegro the abundance of these decorations in the wrong places, both failed to accord with their narrow army canons respecting the right use of such insignia. Our explanation, that our uniforms were worn to impress the natives, but that we had no army standing, afforded them considerable mental relief. One of our party, in private life an artist, might have puzzled more flexible intelligences. He had seen fit to array himself in a private's tunic, brown corduroy knickers, gray golfing stockings, a motoring cap, and brown boots. In time he came to see some of the

defects of this costume himself, and at Athens he bought a Greek officer's riding breeches and so achieved a more homogeneous appearance.

The ship was travelling far too light, and in the Bay of Biscay her rolling was so prodigious as to make it impossible to venture on the deck. The journey from one's bunk to the dining-saloon was fraught with danger, but at this time there were other reasons why very few of us tried to make the journey.

By the time we arrived off Gibraltar the weather had moderated and we sat about in little groups on the deck absorbed, for the most part, in the Serbian language. Beyond confusing one another at table by asking for bread or salt in Serbian, I do not recollect any other practical outcome of these activities. The chief effect of Gibraltar for us was one of calm assurance. The great German dash through Belgium and Northern France and the sinking of three British cruisers by one submarine was still fresh in our minds, and somehow, quite illogically, the sight of the Union Jack flaunting itself on that sun-baked rock came with a thrill of pride and encouragement.

Malta, where we stopped three days, was one of the culminating points of this glorified picnic. The whole place was one mass of vivid colors, soaked in sunshine. Part of the French fleet lay in the harbor, where it had put in for cleaning and repairs, the great battleships looking rather pretty and not at all formidable, while all round the bay great cones of light sloped to the little points which were the search-lights. We found that the Maltese prefer English sailors to French sailors. It appears that the latter spend less, though they are more gracious in their manner; and the Maltese judge this difference by purely utilitarian standards. The native officials were very

urbane and tactful, and readily promised to help us tranship our stores. Our head surgeon, a genial, formidable man with the habit of direct statement, moved amongst them like a knife cutting oil. Still, the stores were at last transhipped to the *Messageries Maritimes* boat which was to take us to Salonica. We had been bored with Malta during the latter part of our stay, but we regretted it almost as soon as we left it. The food and accommodation on that French liner, combined with the subtle but powerful odors from the engine-room, made the voyage to Athens almost unendurable. It is, I think, a powerful example of the interest our party took in higher things that on landing at the *Piræus* we went straight to the Acropolis at Athens before getting lunch. The head surgeon, frankly a Philistine, clambered groaning over the sacred stones. "My God," he said, "this is worse than the Pyramids!" It may have been due to the thousands of Greek soldiers in khaki we had passed *en route*, or it may have been the increasing sense of the reality of our mission as we approached nearer to Serbia, but certainly in point of fact the Acropolis seemed to stand for something very detached and remote. We could not, in the intensely vivid circumstances of our own lives, grasp the still living significance of these remains, or even realize that they still had any significance. We were obsessed by this war which dominated Athens as much as it dominated London. Such larger visions as came to us were concerned with vague ideas of a great, shining future possible to man for the first time in history, when he should have fully learnt the lessons of these present stresses. We stopped again at Athens on our way back, but we did not trouble to see the Acropolis —we visited the hospitals.

On the first day out from the *Piræus* we ran into a storm, and at two o'clock

on the morning of the second day the saloon was filled with women, some shrieking and some praying, while men with blanched faces went about amongst them assuring them that everything was quite all right. The women were chiefly Russians and Poles. The Englishwomen on board, professional nurses, gaunt, fierce, thoroughly competent women, were distinctly unsympathetic to this manifestation. The danger passed and we arrived at Salonica to discover that we had been reported drowned. We were met by two doctors and four or five orderlies, who received us with a tired, unenthusiastic, but genuine welcome. After one night spent in this dirty, picturesque Greek port, we started the long railway journey to Uskub, where our hospital was situated.

The train was comfortless, without heating or lighting apparatus, without a restaurant-car or sleeping accommodation, and progressed with a leisurely dignity which, expressed in figures, worked out at an average of ten miles per hour. From the frontier town of Gher-ghell to Uskub the scenery was bleak and mountainous, something like a poorer, barer Scotland. The Vardar swirled beside our single-track railway, broadening here to a shallow lake and there contracting to a mountain torrent. Our pace slackened to a child's walk as we passed cautiously over high wood bridges (blown up by Bulgarians in a previous raid) or labored through a mountain gorge. At regular intervals along the track stood a Serbian sentinel, motionless beside his little earth hut. Occasionally the train would clank slowly to a standstill beside some little wayside station. The few bystanders lounging against the low, unhandsome station house would watch us with incurious eyes. We had neglected to take sufficient water, and at these stoppages we would descend, carrying our tin cups. "Voda," we

would say, showing the cups. "Nay voda," was the invariable reply. With the fall of darkness we lit our candles, sticking them to projecting parts of the carriage. In our compartment were representatives of seven different nations, and to pass the time we organized a singing competition, each person to sing songs of his own country. A Polish lady and her daughter won easily, the beauty of their melancholy songs being heightened by the fact that they were sung in tune.

At Uskub we took farewell of our fellow-travellers—some of whom were going on to Nish or Belgrade, the Polish lady and her daughter going on through Bulgaria, Roumania, and so to Warsaw—and dismounted, obtaining a confused impression of lights, faces, and wooden barriers. Khaki-clad orderlies surrounded us, speaking comforting words. "We'll look after the baggage. Carriages are waiting for you. You'll find dinner ready at the hospital."

We passed through a crowd of soldiers collected before the wooden barriers and found several open carriages waiting for us. A short drive in almost total darkness and we swung past a sentinel, through an open gate, and found looming in front of us a square, whitish building two stories high, flanked by another longer, lower building, both glimmering faintly in the starlight. We had arrived.

II.

We came to know that dining-room very well, but at first the sight of a large American harmonium at one end and of a huge array of distended sacks at the other occasioned some surprise. The explanations that the hospital was in peace time a high school, and that the unit was supplied with over two hundred tons of rice, solved the double mystery. There were two long parallel tables in this room, a third, smaller

table running at right angles to them being reserved for the doctors and surgeons of the party. Food was plentiful, although a little coarse in quality, such meat as we had being usually Serbian pig-flesh. As was to be expected, rice in one shape or another formed a part of almost every meal. We tried hard to lessen that stock of rice, but Serbs appear to have no liking for it, and we found the greatest difficulty in giving any of it away. We were waited on by three Austrian prisoners, willing, incompetent, and completely unintelligible. They spoke a curious blend of German and Serbian which neither Germans nor Serbians seemed able to understand.

The orderlies' sleeping quarters were distant some little way from the hospital, and consisted of a single-storyed building containing five rooms. In four of these rooms the orderlies slept, there being four beds to a room; and in the fifth room dwelt Pete and his wife. Pete was a man of inextricable nationality. He had no native language, and was unintelligible in any. His function was to look after the orderlies and their rooms, and he performed these duties with a zeal which was perhaps excessive. He would enter our rooms at about six o'clock every morning with that frank, fearless stride of his, a stride which instantly banished sleep, and hurl a huge armful of wood on the floor. The round iron stove in the middle of the room would be the object of his noisy and constant attentions for some considerable time. Hissing noises alternated with an interesting metallic din until the stove commenced to give out heat. The advantage of this procedure was that we performed our morning ablutions in a nice warm room. We had no washstands, so we placed our enamelled iron basins on the window-sill. As we also had no blinds nor curtains, our toilet was performed in full view of the errant population, and

we never hit on a satisfactory explanation of the degree of interest our simple proceedings seemed to excite. Some of us had brought out certain neat, collapsible baths, but after our first attempts we made no use of them. Their dimensions are such that but one-third of the human body can be introduced at a time, and to an untrained man the necessary contortions are difficult.

The walk from the sleeping quarters to the hospital was performed in rubber boots reaching to the knee, for the mud on the roads was sufficiently deep to come nearly half-way up the leg. The sides of these semi-liquid paths were usually of a firmer consistency, but here one had to observe caution to avoid collision with the two feet of stove-pipe which projects from every Serbian house at such a height as to catch the passer-by full in the face. Many of the buildings, apparently in imminent danger of falling down, were propped up by iron bars, and these slanting rods were another source of danger to the unwary. To avoid the manifold perils of this route, we walked home with lanterns.

We started work at the hospital at nine o'clock in the morning, and ceased at nine or perhaps eleven o'clock at night. For some time our only acquaintance with this part of Serbia, except for the short walk from our sleeping quarters, was the view of part of the town and the distant mountains from the hospital windows. On the other hand, one learned a good deal about the nature of Serbs from the behavior of the men in the wards. Some of them were too seriously wounded to do more than lie in a silent apathy, staring at the ceiling, but the others were gay, often mischievous, and talkative to an extraordinary degree. One of their oddest characteristics was the insatiable curiosity they displayed about their own wounds. Whenever the dresser started

work, the patient, if it were anyway possible, would struggle to a sitting posture, often borrowing pillows from adjacent beds to enable him to maintain that attitude, and view the whole operation with unwinking attention. He would also offer a great deal of advice. They invariably insisted on having the wound bandaged in the same way as before, and the cotton-wool dressing displeased them unless it were of the same shape and size as the piece it replaced. Any extra attention, such as having a leg bathed, or having a screen put over it, met with their deepest approval. Their endurance was often heroic. I have known a patient with a shattered arm-pit, a very painful wound, hold his arm in position to be dressed, maintain it there without flinching or uttering a sound, and go on playing cards with the man in the next bed, using his other hand.

Owing to the fact that wounds were invariably septic by the time the patients reached us, a very high percentage of amputations was necessary, and considering that Serbia is a community of peasants, where nearly every man works on the soil, it was astonishing to note the readiness with which they resigned themselves to these grave operations.

They are an ignorant, but very intelligent people, and their intelligence, combined with their unscrupulousness, sometimes enabled them to evade the hospital regulations. On one occasion a traffic in their native gin was observed going on through one of the open windows at a time when the staff was at lunch. The prompt confiscation of their bottles was greeted with cheers and laughter, for they are sportsmen enough to abide cheerfully the consequences of their wrongdoing. Another time a man was discovered living on the roof, where he had been for several days. He descended at

nights, did a brisk trade in the wards while the small night staff was in another part of the building, and then returned to his lurking-place. He was punished by having his ladder taken away and being left up there to starve for twenty-four hours after his provisions were exhausted.

Amongst our patients were Magyars, Croats, Austrians, Czechs, and Hungarians. They all seemed to get on excellently well together, and nobody could have been more sympathetic and willing than the *Bolichas*, Austrian prisoners told off to wait on the men and serve them their food. The food was always the same: soup in which great lumps of meat were floating, and loaves of the dirty brown bread that Serbs consume in such huge quantities.

Often after nightfall, when the lamps in the wards were lit, the Serbs would start to sing. They have a fondness for minor keys, and their interminable chants, each verse ending in a wail, recited the doings of various heroes in Serbian history, often some mighty personage who had fallen on the field of Kossovo, when the Turks smashed the Serbian Empire, and with it most of their dreams for the future. It was easy to become depressed in those feebly lit, crowded wards, surrounded by those indistinct, prone figures chanting a wild, unusual music. It was invigorating and homely when the Austrians, forming a rival combination, would burst in with some stirring, familiar old tune made in the days before Germany got the "Empire" craze and composed "Electras." But then there was something we liked about the Austrians. They were not so remote from us, and they were heartily sick of the war, just as we were. The Serbs, brave with an invincible courage, all professed their eagerness to fight again. But to us, constantly tending the most horrible wounds, con-

stantly carrying out silent figures on stretchers, constantly hearing the Serbian funeral march through our open windows, constantly in an atmosphere of pain, and occasionally thinking just a little of the women and children our men belonged to—to us

The British Review.

the men who were sick of it all were more like our feeble selves. Work in a surgical hospital in war time makes one sick of it all, and perhaps if every man could pass through the experience, humanity would be sick of it all and there would be no more wars.

John W. N. Sullivan.

THE TOLLHOUSE.

By EVELYN ST. LEGER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The German raid, and all it meant in importance to the nation, was bound to give way with us before news concerning Miss Mary and the Primrose Captain.

It came at last, and in accordance with our prayers. We found the household that excited when we reached the side door next morning that we couldn't take off our hats for listening to the jabberification, and trying to make sense for ourselves, if we couldn't gather it from them. Several voices told us:

"He's found in England!"

"Sireny knew all the time!"

"And she, too, though not together."

"More's the pity."

"Expected to-day."

"Blue room."

"Her ladyship's pleased, you can bet."

"Poor Miss Mary!"

"It do seem hard."

Mrs. Kidston put her hands over her ears. "I can't take in a word you say," she said, "for I'm not deaf nor yet stupid either, bewildered I may be and am."

A bell rang, twice. The chatter subsided, the servants dispersed, and Mrs. Kidston, hurrying off her hat and cloak, went away to her ladyship's sitting-room, grand and alone.

I went to my work, wondering and fluttering.

Had Miss Mary met her Captain, and was it all right? Could she look over his being without an arm? Could he look over her following him to the battle-field? There would be so much between them, so many changes since last they met. Would Love look over them all?

When Mrs. Kidston joined me, she said:

"Well, this is news! Coming all at once, too, when we should have been quite satisfied with it in bits, here a little, and there a little at a time. Still it's not for us to command the Almighty as to ways and means, so we must just take the lump, leavened or unleavened though it be."

"Do tell me," I said, "what has happened, and how it happened, and what is going to happen next?"

Mrs. Kidston nodded with an end of cotton between her teeth, with which she proceeded to thread the needle, a somewhat lengthy process. Then she found a pillow-slip in need of a button, and took another minute to seek one that suited the buttonhole. After that she said, "Well, I'm fair distraught, I am, with all I've heard, and so's her ladyship, and no wonder."

I feared the night would come before I should hear what it was, so I said:

"Is it about the Captain?"

"Partly."

"He's alive?"

"Oh yes, he's alive."

"Is he badly wounded?"

"Well, not so bad as he was when Sirenry found him."

"Oh! did Sirenry find him? Where?"

"Well, Sirenry got news of him the very day Miss Mary went off. You mind how Sirenry wanted Miss Mary to go out with him that day? That was why! He wanted to tell her, and she'd taken herself off to France, as I knew she would the first day she mentioned it."

"And what did Sirenry hear, Mrs. Kidston?"

"Something too complicated to be mentioned right off, but now 'tis possible, seeing the worst is done."

"Oh! Mrs. Kidston, what is the worst? Don't tell me the Captain don't want to marry Miss Mary!"

"Pretty near! He wanted to marry her all the time, course he would, we know that, but he thought he didn't ought to. That's what 'tis to be of blue blood, you see; it complicates life terribly. Common red in a man marries the girl first he wants to, and wonders whether he ought after."

"But why should the Captain think he didn't ought?"

"Because of his arm. He thought he couldn't marry Miss Mary with only one arm, and quite right he should think so. But, mind you, that's blue blood coming out, though her ladyship calls it chivalry."

"I think, Mrs. Kidston, 'twasn't exactly for him to settle, 'twas for Miss Mary."

"So 'twas in a manner of speaking; but then, you see, he was lost, and light in the head with the pain and the worry of it all for weeks and weeks, and if it hadn't been for our prayers, who knows but what he might have been lost still."

"I suppose I must not be allowed to know how the Captain was lost?" I

said, "though how he was found would suit me better."

"You can know, right enough; her ladyship says it's no secret now. The Captain was wounded in the arm and in the head, and he lay where he fell for hours on hours, knowing his men couldn't dare to fetch him till they'd finished up the job with the Germans. When night came on he lost consciousness, and he knew nothing more till he found himself lying on a bed in a peasant's cottage, with an old woman sitting knitting by a bit of fire. It was days before he could speak, and then it had to be French he listened to in order to find out what had happened."

"And what had?"

"Scores of things! You never heard the like to happen all to one man and leave him able to marry Miss Mary. First, the Germans robbed him and stripped him—think of that, the Captain! audacious brutes, how they dare! So, he was left for dead, and a burying party came round and took him up to do with him same as the rest. A doctor passing recognized him, and stopped a moment to look at him. He saw there was life in the Captain yet, and he had him carried to the ambulance and then to the hospital. There they got out the bullet and they sewed up his head, and they hoped all was well. But the wound in the arm didn't heal proper, and they said he'd have to lose it, or else he'd die. He told the doctor not to waste any more time on him, he'd as soon die with his arm on as live with it off. Then the doctor asked why, and, being a kind-hearted sort of man, he told the Captain what he'd heard him say when he was unconscious; how all the time he had cried for somebody called Mary, and didn't know he was doing it."

"The Captain told the doctor that was why he'd just as soon die. He couldn't expect her—he wouldn't say

her name then when he knew what he was saying, only before, when he didn't know, poor thing—he couldn't expect 'her' to marry him with only one arm, and if she did 'twould only be out of pity, and that he couldn't bear."

"The doctor felt dreadful about it; and another surgeon came and took an interest, and both together they decided it must be done. Well, the day came, and he was laid on the operating table—not a stitch of clothes on, I believe, just wrapped up—and they were going to begin when a shell came through the roof, followed by another and another, so they stopped off preparations and began collecting the wounded and carrying them off to some safer place. Our Captain, stark but for a blanket which a soldier threw round him, got out into the open, and there fell down with weakness, and a French lad helped him up and into his mother's cottage, where he got him on to the bed, and off he had to go to join his regiment."

"Well, I never did!"

"No, you never did, nor none of us, but that's not the end of the adventure. There the Captain lay without a mite of anything to show who he was, or where he come from, or anything about him at all, and the old woman just looked after him because of her boy who'd brought him there. She bathed his poor arm with cold water from the well every day, every hour, I believe, night and day, and she never bandaged it, but left it open to the air, and she used to pour cold water on it, jugs and jugs, where it lay right across a basin; and all the time the Captain only said one thing, which the old woman couldn't understand, but we know now what it was——"

"Oh, Mrs. Kidston, what was it?"

"It was just three words he used, sometimes one way, sometimes another. They were: her name, and good-bye, and darling."

"Good-bye, Mary," he used to say in his nice voice, all sad. "Good-bye, darling." "Oh Mary, Mary, good-bye!"

Mrs. Kidston took off her glasses and wiped them. I got out my handkerchief and tried to use it without being seen. 'Twas no use, and we cried for him, our Primrose Captain, lying there like that, broken in spirit, and we hard on Miss Mary for chafing against the law here at home breaking her heart because she couldn't go after the man she loved.

When I could speak without my handkerchief, I said: "That was when he was missing, I suppose."

"That's it," Mrs. Kidston said. "The hospital knew he was wounded, of course; and when they couldn't find him, they couldn't be sure he was dead, so they reported him missing, and missing he's been all this time till Sirenry found out the truth. He wouldn't say a word, even to her ladyship, not till he knew the worst or the best. I can believe Sirenry never would have said a word if he'd known the Captain was maimed for life; as it is, he's been so well nursed that he's coming here to-day, convalescent!"

"But straight from the cottage and the Frenchwoman?"

"Bless you, he'd been moved over to England some time ago under a different name, through somebody's mistake, and 'twas only when he found he hadn't got to lose his arm after all that he began to get better; and when the doctors all said he'd live to fight another day, why, then he wrote to a friend to come and see him, and then the secret was out."

"And he's not lost his arm? Mrs. Kidston, was that only a rumor?"

"A rumor that was near being true, but his arm is safe, though not yet sound, I believe; still, we shall have him here to-day, in the blue room, Alice said, off her head with excitement."

"I don't wonder! And Miss Mary, what of her? Any news yet?"

"A letter."

"You don't say?"

"A letter for her ladyship, asking her not to be angry with her for going away, and to tell Sirenry that if she was an ancestress of his instead of only a descendant he wouldn't be angry either. He'd be quite proud to know his grandmother had gone to the field of Waterloo to look for her lover, she was sure he would, and be pleased to let the story go into history for all time; so wouldn't he remember that what she had done would one day be history, perhaps for some other man to read and be proud."

"Well, I never," I said, words failing me for Miss Mary's cleverness. "Well, I never, who ever would have thought of it? No one but Miss Mary. She's clever, Mrs. Kidston, say what you like."

"Oh, she's artful, she is, is Miss Mary. She knows how to turn Sirenry; she knows by now that mention of his grandmother can move him when his daughter can't. I call it artful."

"And I call it clever. There's no denying the truth of what she says. It puts a different complexion on her act. You must see, Mrs. Kidston."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Kidston said. "I have been blind, but now I see, and so does her ladyship. Miss Mary's humbled us both."

I looked up at the change in her tone of voice as she went on:

"I retract every word I've said against her going. I've called her naughty, I have, believing her to be naughty. My ignorance. Miss Mary's ears were open to hear what we were deaf to hear, and her little dear feet were swift to obey; she heard her man's voice in her dreams, she heard him call to her, 'Mary, Mary darling, good-bye, Mary!' and she bore it night after night, did that child, and she

never told her anguish, only we blamed her sometimes for being pale and listless, and for"—Mrs. Kidston paused, and, taking off her glasses, she wiped the tears from her eyes—"for wanting her own way. . . . Her own way, we called it, and 'twas the dear Lord's way all the time, and we so blind, we were angry with Miss Mary for having clearer sight than we."

"I can't bear to think of it," I said, wiping too, "not of him calling her all that way off, and she hearing him, and not able to go, because of, because of—what, Mrs. Kidston? Because of what?"

Mrs. Kidston threw up her hands. "Dear sakes, don't ask me! Miss Mary's turning me upside down, and inside out, I always knew she would; but if it's the Lord's doing I can't complain, it must just be marvellous in our eyes."

I said, "Yes, and to think, we praying all the time so ardent for Miss Mary's man, and yet going against his wishes every minute. I think it is marvellous, Mrs. Kidston, how the Lord has patience with us all."

CHAPTER XIX.

We saw the Captain that evening!

And if Miss Mary had had the faith that stays at home, she would have seen him too; as her faith took her abroad, she missed him by just that much.

We looked over the balustrading down into the hall, time of his arrival, and we saw the doors fly open when the motor was heard in the drive, and the convalescent soldiers got up quick and stood at attention. In he came with Sirenry, and you might have thought the roof would blow off with the noise; and we had the tears rolling down our cheeks at sight of Miss Mary's man, standing there with his right arm in a sling, and she not here to see.

Her ladyship went forward to welcome him, and the soldiers cheered her, the children waved flags, and ran up to him, with their eyes shining with excitement, and their faces raised. The Captain stooped and kissed them, and the men cheered again. The dogs ran in barking, each with a national ribbon tied round its neck, one with a bow on its tail, and the gramophone sang "See the Conquering Hero comes." It ceased to be a noise, it became a din, with everybody laughing and talking, and saying words of congratulation, and the Captain standing there so white, with a look in his face that we upstairs couldn't see dry-eyed.

"Oh dearie, dear, poor Miss Mary missing this; beautiful, 'tis to see him again!" Mrs. Kidston repeated it over and over into her handkerchief. "Beautiful, 'tis, my dear. The Lord be praised, for 'tis an answer to prayer. We knew the Lord would bring him back to Miss Mary; haven't I said so many a time?"

"You have, Mrs. Kidston, you have, and we've all believed you. 'Tis a shame she isn't here."

"Well, I won't say another word as to that," Mrs. Kidston sighed. "Miss Mary had the faith that goes abroad, and we had the faith that stays at home, and maybe it required the two to bring the Captain back; with that look in his face I should say it did, for it must have been touch and go with him; he do look frail."

The din down below quieted, as her ladyship took the Captain away into the library, where the family gave him tea, with the door shut, and a good thing too, with him not strong from the war.

He looked better when he came out later, we thought her ladyship must have said comforting things to him about Miss Mary, for he did look better, there's no denying, just in that little while, and Mrs. Kidston put

away her handkerchief, and so did I, for we felt better too.

"Fancy, if it had been Master George," I said without stopping to think what I was saying, and Mrs. Kidston answered quite brave:

"They couldn't do more for Master George than they'll do for the Captain, I'll be bound, dear m'lady. Bless her!"

Just the week before Christmas it was, when Miss Mary came back. They wouldn't let the Captain go to the station to meet her—I don't know why, but they wouldn't—and her ladyship and Sirenry were engaged to lunch out some miles away, and couldn't well get off it, as 'twas some important meeting as well Sirenry was obliged to attend. Seemed hard on Miss Mary, that when she did come back, people were too busy for her; but there 'tis, and I suppose, in a manner of speaking, some would say she ought never to have gone. But she had to go, we know that, though the rest of the world wouldn't understand.

In the end 'twas settled, Mrs. Kidston should go to meet her. I was glad, for next to the Captain and the family, I believe Miss Mary would rather have Mrs. Kidston than anybody, so I stayed in the linen-room alone, wondering and waiting, and wishing I could know what the Captain felt.

Miss Mary came back so quiet, just so quiet as she went away. She never came up to the front door at all, but was set down in the drive, and just ran up the short cut to the house, and in through the conservatory, past the library, and on to the little-book room, where I suppose she knew that some one was waiting; for none saw her come or heard her ask any questions.

Alice came up and talked with me a bit. All excitement she was over Miss Mary. The daring of her, to have done all alone what she did do,

and the dreadfulness for her to find she missed the Captain time after time and place after place with all her trouble, and then to hear of him here in her own home, waiting for days before she knew to leave off looking for him abroad.

"And his arm," I said, "too."

"Oh, don't matter about his arm," Alice said. "I dare say he'll make one do the work of two for a bit, and it's interesting like for Miss Mary to have him wounded, and a hero with a medal and all. D.S.O., that's a fine thing for a man, you know; something to show the world they can both be proud of, well as of each other."

Then Mrs. Kidston arrived and pretended to set to her work. It was a pretending too for both of us, with our thoughts and our minds fixed on the young pair downstairs, meeting together after all they'd gone through.

Presently I made bold to ask: "Mrs. Kidston, how does she look? How does Miss Mary look?"

"Well. Wonderful well, considering; but she's got the look in her face—she's seen things has Miss Mary, same as the Captain has. I don't know what 'tis, but there's a something about them that wasn't there before the war."

"Is it an improvement?" I asked, "do you think?"

"Well, it doesn't spoil their looks, I'll allow," Mrs. Kidston said, "though it has altered them, so maybe some would think it is an improvement. Yes, a delicate improvement, I should say, is the right description for both. Delicate they look, but well, if you mark my meaning, as if they'd seen things and heard them, which they did, the dears."

"Did Miss Mary tell you?"

"She told me why she went. It's true, that she couldn't but go. She heard him right enough. Heard him

call her she did, when he was unconscious as we know now, and she didn't know with any proof to show us, such as we could believe. What good for it to be, to have her say she must go to France because the Primrose Captain called her; what good for it to be? None!"

"Then you feel she was right? You'll say in the village Miss Mary was right to go?"

"I'll say Miss Mary was right to you, because you'll understand having heard her talk from the beginning, but I can't say it in the village, because of the girls. 'Twould never pay for them to get it into their heads they could do such things, for they couldn't, either. Only Miss Mary could go like that, and come back like that, and be so sweet as she was when we met."

"Did she—did she tell you of her adventures, or what happened?"

"No; she just took my old hand and held it in hers, and she said so wistful, 'Don't blame me, Nannie, I had to go. If you knew what it was all those weeks when he was wounded and missing, you wouldn't blame me. I used to hear him saying my name over and over again, calling me sometimes, and sometimes saying good-bye. I couldn't bear it; I tried, but I couldn't, Nannie, and I had to go in the end.'"

"Oh, poor Miss Mary! Poor dear Miss Mary! However did she bear it so long as she did!"

"I don't know how she did, I'm sure," Mrs. Kidston said, "without making more fuss. But brave she is, brave as Master George."

"They are all made of the same stuff."

"And very good stuff it is, though I says it as shouldn't, seeing as I had a hand in the making."

"Perhaps, because, Mrs. Kidston—" I said, thinking it not unlikely.

CHAPTER XX.

The village was all agog with excitement, for Miss Mary and the Captain had walked through it together, and had gone in the direction of the Vicarage.

The motor came along soon after, empty, and fetched them back, smiling and looking that happy, the village knew, even if the doctor hadn't seen Mrs. Kidston same morning and told her in a loud voice the Captain had nothing the matter with him now—he was right as rain, bar his arm, which would be a certain cure in time.

The village knew, and wondered, would it be a Christmas wedding, or a New Year? Parson coming through was asked by more than one, but he only laughed. "Rumors," he said; "what a people you are for rumors! What makes you think of a wedding?"

"Lor, sir, what else can we think of when they visit you together, smiling and looking as if 'twas."

"Did they visit me?" Parson said to tease us. "I'm sorry if I missed them. I'm going to see Sirenry now, so maybe I'll meet them at the house." And he went, leaving us in no manner of doubt at all. Parson's a poor deceiver, which, considering his calling, is what he should be.

In little over an hour I went over to Mrs. Kidston, thinking 'twould be about his time for coming back, and together we might perhaps have a word with him more than the others. Sure enough, I was right.

He came to the Tollhouse, and Mrs. Kidston, she said, "Well, sir, I suppose the secret is out now, and all we want to hear is whether 'tis to be Christmas Day or New Year."

"Oh, you've got as far as that, have you?" said Parson.

"We've known it's to be, sir, but we haven't heard the day fixed."

"Well, I hope you won't be disappointed," Parson said, "for it's neither!"

"Neither?" we both said. "Is that Sirenry's doing again?"

"I believe so, but both Miss Mary and the Captain have given in to his wishes. In fact, it's their own wish."

"Then it can't be far off, or they wouldn't agree. They'd get you to marry them, sir, without Sirenry, I reckon!"

"Think so, Mrs. Kidston? Fortunately, I am not placed in so difficult a position. The wedding is to be on the last day of the year; very quietly, at twelve o'clock, but I bring you all an invitation to attend at the Church, and also afterwards to dinner at the house. Now what do you say to that?"

"Say? Thank you, sir, and no mistake! Thank you heartily for being so kind as to come. Is that her ladyship's message we are to attend to?"

"Her ladyship's message through me to the village, and to make quite sure I thought perhaps you would put up a notice as to the hour, on the wall of the Tollhouse."

"To be sure, sir, to be sure we will. I'll give you pen and paper, so there'll be no delay."

Mrs. Kidston hustled about, and cleared the table, and Parson sat up to it and wrote out large that Miss Mary and the Captain would be married at twelve o'clock on the 31st of December, and Sirenry and her ladyship would be pleased to see their friends to dinner afterwards at the house at one o'clock.

"'Tis grand," Mrs. Kidston said, when Parson read it out, tipping back his chair, and smiling, pleased as we. "I suppose you approve, sir, don't you, of him?"

Parson nodded.

"And of Miss Mary's going, you approve of that, sir?"

Parson put his head on one side and said nothing. Mrs. Kidston, equal to him, said, "You don't hold with young ladies on battle-fields; no more do I, but for Miss Mary, sir—you've heard, I suppose, how it was?"

Parson grunted; you couldn't call it more than that, and 'twasn't enough for Mrs. Kidston.

"Maybe you've heard her adventures, sir, maybe she have told you the dreadful sights she saw, and it goes against the grain with a gentleman like you to think of Miss Mary—"

"You are right, Mrs. Kidston, it does go against the grain; but I am not so blind and prejudiced, I trust, but what I can understand and sympathize with Miss Mary."

"And approve, sir? for when you come to think of it, what was it made Miss Mary go? 'Twas something in her, I suppose; but what's that something called?"

"Heroism, I think," Parson said.

"And what was it made the Captain ready to give up Miss Mary when he loved her, sir? Heroism again?"

"I expect. Yes, Mrs. Kidston, I expect it was."

"And you admire heroism, sir? Then you must admire Miss Mary, and if you admire, you approve! Oh yes, you do, sir."

"One part of me does, Mrs. Kidston; quite whole-heartedly I admire, and when the Captain and Miss Mary get hold of me, and together show me the beautiful side there is even to the horrors of a battle-field, I am rather forced to approve, for they have been there and I have not."

"I see your meaning plain, sir," Mrs. Kidston said. "You could approve if it was all long ago, like Sir-
enry, but you can't approve as it's Miss Mary, and now."

"That's it, Mrs. Kidston," Parson agreed; "that's about the size of it.

Long ago there was a beautiful love-story I used to weep over as a boy. A woman called Evangeline went out to seek for her lover Gabriel, and I loved that woman, and I loved what she did; there have been others all down the ages, afar off, in romance and in history, who have done what Miss Mary has done, and for the same reason. And yet—"

"You'd rather Miss Mary hadn't done it, wouldn't you, sir? And so would I, to be honest; but, then, it's Fear in us that makes us feel that way. Now Miss Mary hadn't got no Fear. She says there was nothing to be afraid of."

"I know she does. She told me herself that every man she met was her friend—that there was no more danger for her out in France and Belgium than there is on a London crossing. In the face of such love and heroism I feel that only a curmudgeon can disapprove."

"And I'm sure you aren't that dreadful thing, sir, whatever it may be. So we'll leave it at that, sir. We are of one mind, I can see, as to battle-fields and young ladies keeping separate as a rule, but when it comes to the Captain—the Primrose Captain—and our Miss Mary, why, then—"

"Why, then, Mrs. Kidston, we are dealing with something they possess, something fine in both their natures, which is the heroic quality. People who have got that have generally got to act different from the people who haven't got it; and the people who haven't got it can never hope to understand the people who have. It fixes a great gulf between."

"I'm sure you're right, sir," Mrs. Kidston said politely. "Some of us in the village has good qualities, and some of has bad, but the Family has heroic qualities, as you say, sir, and that fixes the gulf, I reckon."

Parson laughed and got up from

his chair with the wedding paper in his hand ready to put up outside. He buttoned his coat and patted his chest.

"Rank feudalism, Mrs. Kidston," he said; "this village is still feudal, in spite of all my teaching. You have more influence here than I have, by a long way, so—" Parson went to the door and looked at us sideways—"so, I have offered my services as Army Chaplain, and hope soon to be ordered to the Front, thereby proving to you, Mrs. Kidston, that I, too, possess the heroic quality we so much admire in others!"

Mrs. Kidston laughed. "You can't be spared, sir. 'Tis your duty to stay at home along o' we, and you knows that so well as I do. You've got to show us the heroic quality in staying at home, you have; I don't say but what it's hard for some—that's where the heroism comes in for the likes of you. Besides, sir, the Bishop would never let you go, I've no fear."

"I think his lordship will, if I can find an efficient substitute, Mrs. Kidston, and I'm going to suggest you."

CHAPTER XXI.

Christmas Day came and went, quieter than any Christmas Day we had ever known.

Two things marked it. One was the beautiful statue of Master George made out of snow by the lads of the village, the other was a rumor that the Germans had come to Dover, and Mrs. Kidston said excitedly, "Drat they Germans and their heathenish ways, coming on Christmas morning; now Miss Mary's going to be married we've got no time to waste on them."

Snow fell with us two days before Christmas, and then came a light frost, making the village look a picture, specially after dark, when Mrs. Kidston's lamp was lit in the Tollhouse and shone right away down the road.

Those of us that got up early and went to church by starlight saw what looked like a new tombstone standing out white against the dark background of stone wall and yew. Fearful of being late, we hurried in, and then, with our minds full of the service, and our eyes straining for the path in the dim-skies light, forgot to give it a second look on coming out.

But when we went for matins in the full light of day at eleven o'clock, the churchyard was a mass of people, talking, wondering, admiring, in undertones.

The white glistening figure, life size, standing at the entrance to the family vault, seemed at first sight to be a figure of S. George and the dragon. We gazed with merely a surprised interest until there flashed into our minds a ray of intelligence, then below our breaths, because the ground we were standing on was holy, we whispered one to another,

"It's Master George! But it's Master George!"

"Master George to the life!"

"See the dragon?"

"Tisn't a dragon!"

"What is it, then?"

"Tis a coil of wire, and, with the snow on it, looks like as if it must be a dragon. You mind how Master George died, through a coil of wire."

"I mind! One of his soldiers was caught in it, and called for help when the enemy was on him, and our Master George went back and cut the wire, and, and—"

"I mind, and saved his man's life—"

"Aye, but the dear lad lost his own—leastways he gave his own, did Master George!"

"Dear Master George! Isn't it true? But who did it?"

"The lads, the lads of the village! They began it yesterday when all the church decorators had gone home, and

when it got too dark to see, they went and asked Parson's help—and Parson he came with a lamp and he helped them all he could far into the night."

"He didn't mind?"

"Mind? He thought 'twas a beautiful idea, and he fetched his big picture of Master George for them to see, and get his profile right. Come round this side, you'll see it's him to the life."

"Whatever will her ladyship say? Have any of the family seen it yet?"

"Not yet. They had a service early this morning at the house for the soldiers, and they were all at that, but they'll be coming here now."

Through the snow the big motor came up silently to the gate, and Sirenry handed her ladyship out and walked up the path, followed by Miss Mary, and the Captain, and the children.

The villagers mostly hurried into church so as to be out of the way, the rest touched their hats and murmured,

"Good morning, Sirenry," and stood back from the shining figure. Her ladyship said softly as she bowed to them, "A Happy Christmas to you all," and then paused.

"What's that?" she said quickly.

Sirenry looked a minute, then he said, "Good God!" and dashed into church, and into his own pew, where he hid his face momentarily in his hat as he's done ever since he was squire, and as his father did before him.

Her ladyship stood and looked and looked. The Captain and Miss Mary walked round together, and the children said, "It's George! It's G—! It's G—! Muvver, look, look!"

Those of us standing near vanished as quietly as we could. The bells ceased ringing, and the organ began "Hark, the herald" before the house pew filled up. Then the Captain was the last to come in, and he had such

a look on his face. Such a look it was as he put his hands over it and knelt down on his hassock to say his prayer!

When we came out after service no one went to look again, we left it for the family, who always come out last; only Mrs. Kidston went and worshipped. I don't think the word's a mite too strong, that's what she did I'm sure, at what would seem her Master George's shrine.

When Sirenry came out through the porch, Miss Mary had her arm in his, and she led him round, smiling, though there were tears in her eyes. The Captain took her ladyship's hand without her noticing, and held it while she said:

"It's wonderful, Henry! Wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a wreath of holly, real holly lying on the ground at Master George's feet, and the bright red berries and dark shining leaves looked lovely against the snow. There was a label tied to it with a bit of purple ribbon. Sirenry touched it with his stick. "What's written there?" he said gruff and deep.

Miss Mary leaned forward to see, but the tears fell from her eyes and she could not read. Mrs. Kidston said timidly:

"I hope you won't mind, Sirenry, but I made him the wreath."

Sirenry grunted impatient. "But what's written, my good woman? What does it say?"

The Captain answered him quietly. "It says, 'From the lads who loved him,' sir."

No doubt there was news of an interesting nature for England that week, but we in the village had no time to read the papers. We heard things, of course, about the Germans, but we agreed to treat all such as rumors till after Miss Mary was mar-

ried, when we should have some time to spare. The point that most concerned us was to hear her ladyship's wish that instead of a lady's maid Mrs. Kidston should go with Miss Mary and the Captain on the honeymoon! She said, with him not quite recovered in his arm, for 'tis still in a sling, she would feel happier to know Mrs. Kidston was with them, and Mrs. Kidston is all agreeable, as you may imagine, not to say a bit puffed up with pride, according to Mrs. Davies, and Alice too, for the girl seems getting above herself of late, and I can't see no reason for it.

The only trouble this week came from the hospital side of the house. The soldiers who were well enough to leave rebelled. The orderlies reported them to Sirenry, and Sirenry had them up in front of him. They wouldn't do a thing to help themselves go, and they refused to put on their boots. 'Twas the first time there'd been any serious trouble, and the reason being Miss Mary's marriage, they, poor dears, didn't want to go before seeing her the Captain's wife.

When 'twas all explained, her ladyship was so touched she begged Sirenry to see what could be done to let them stay a day or two longer, and if Sirenry wouldn't, then she would write herself and get leave for them. Her ladyship couldn't bear to see them cry, for that's what they did, our brave soldiers; they cried honest when they thought they'd got to go. You can't really wonder.

Of course, we had all our usual work to do, both at home and up at the house, not to mention the Belgians; and now Miss Mary's wedding gave us extra bits, and kept us busier than we had been before. It was to be a quiet wedding, only near relations of the family and the Captain, and just us village folk to dinner, with

the better-most well soldiers to wait on us by their own request.

'Twas really sweet, the way those men tried to do something that would show their gratitude to Sirenry and her ladyship. And they were let to do it, too, and Parson says he believes it is the harmony that's been round them all the time that has helped to make them better, and recover quicker than they might have done.

A quiet wedding it was, but a lovely one. Miss Mary wore white cloth with fur—sable, they say it was—and lace very fine and beautiful on the body, and making ruffles round her wrists; and she wore the Captain's present round her neck, a string of pearls it was. Not so handsome to look at as diamonds would have been, to my thinking, but more Miss Mary's taste, I suppose, which is quiet and sober since the war.

And we all went to church. Never was there such a pack of people inside the four walls, not since the Reformation, old Davies says, nor never will be again till the crack o' doom. However that may be, we all got in somehow, and with our own eyes and ears we saw and heard our Primrose Captain take Miss Mary for his wife. Many of us thought of them then as we had seen them on the merry-go-round back in July, before the war began, when she was riding on an ostrich, and he was standing beside her and looking at her in the way that makes the blood go quick when you see. Dear Miss Mary, she looked happy then, before she knew all the trouble that lay in front of her—just happy she did, happy and young. Now she looks happy too, but in a different sort of a way—brave happiness, I think it is now, the same that has a quality about it, and makes you say 'twill wear well when choosing something that's got to last.

And the Captain! A khaki Captain

with his arm in a sling, standing up so tall and straight one side of Miss Mary, and Sirenry on the other. The past and the future. She did look a little bit of a thing between them, a little white thing with a heart of gold that had been tried in the furnace and come out pure. Cherished she has been all her dear life, has Miss Mary, in her home, by her family, by the village, and most of all, perhaps, by her father, 'twas comforting for him and all of us to hear the Captain swear loud and clear he'd cherish her till death.

The banquet that followed was beautiful, for 'twas a banquet sure. You couldn't call it a breakfast, not at one o'clock in the day, and 'twasn't like no ordinary dinner, so I think old Davies hit on the right word when he called it a banquet. And the cake was a sight! Three tiers, with a Britannia and flags on the top: and the top tier, the little one, was set aside to be kept for Miss Mary and the Captain against their return; and the second tier was for the hospital and the Belgians; and the big tier was cut by Miss Mary with the Captain's sword, and hard work she found it too, for he had to help, which I think she liked.

They didn't waste no time afterwards. There was no changing of clothes. They got up from table, and the motors came to the door, and out we went to line up the drive.

The soldiers cheered and cheered, and the children threw dried rose leaves over them as they came out, the Captain in his big coat with the collar up to his ears, and Miss Mary, in lovely furs, jumped in laughing, and he jumped in after her, and they went down the drive slowly because we asked them to.

"Good-bye, Miss Mary! Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye, Miss Mary dear. Good-bye, Good-bye——"

Mrs. Kidston followed in a few minutes with the luggage.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Kidston."

"Good-bye! Take care of your two charges!"

"Don't let the Germans have the Captain yet!"

"What price the omen now, Mrs. Kidston?" said Maria Davies, thinking to be funny.

"It holds its own, and is now without price," Mrs. Kidston said firm, as she shook hands with those nearest her. "The Germans haven't landed in 1914, and they aren't going to, same as I've always said, if you'd only believe. Good-bye to you all. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mrs. Kidston. Come back soon."

Handkerchiefs and flags waved together as she passed between the lines.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"The village can't spare her," I said to no one in particular. "It may have to be good-bye to Miss Mary, and the Captain, and the Germans, and to nineteen hundred and fourteen, but it's not good-bye to Mrs. Kidston, I hope."

"Not by a long chalk!" said Maria, at my elbow.

Tis hard for us to get to bed this last night of the year.

The latest rumor, which is gospel truth, the village all declare, is that Alice had a gold brooch from Miss Mary, with her and the Captain's initials entwined, and a date engraved; but it isn't the date of the wedding! And the Captain also gave her a present of a £10 note, "In grateful recognition of a faithful service." Small wonder she's a bit uppish, and the village lost in amazement.

If ever anyone wants to know our village from all the other villages they are riding and motoring through,

and the sight of the Tollhouse isn't sufficient proof for them, there's going to be something beautiful in the churchyard which will leave no manner of doubt. Sirenry had the snow statue of Master George photographed just at its best, and there's going to

be a copy of it made in marble or alabaster, to stand always outside the door of the family vault.

I thought 'twas best just to mention it if you've a mind to come, so you can see how the dear lad's loved.

THE END.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

II.

Twenty-four hours later, a little group of officers sat in a roomy dug-out. Major Kemp was there, with his head upon the plank table, fast asleep. Bobby Little, who had neither eaten or slept since the previous dawn, was nibbling chocolate, and shaking as if with ague. He had gone through a good deal. Waddell sat opposite to him, stolidly devouring bully-beef out of a tin with his fingers. Ayling reclined upon the floor, mechanically adjusting a machine-gun lock, which he had taken from his haversack. Captain Wagstaffe was making cocoa over a Tommy's cooker. He looked less the worse for wear than the others, but could hardly have been described as spruce in appearance. The whole party were splashed with mud and soaked to the skin, for it had rained hard during the greater part of the night. They were all sick for want of food and sleep. Moreover, all had seen a good deal. It was Sunday morning.

Presently Wagstaffe completed his culinary arrangements, and poured out the cocoa into some aluminum cups. He touched Major Kemp on the shoulder.

"Have some of this, Major," he said.

The burly Kemp roused himself and took the proffered cup gratefully. Then, looking round, he said:—

"Hallo, Ayling! You arrived? Whereabouts in the line were you?"

"I got cut off from the Battalion in

the advance up Central Boyau, sir," said Ayling. "Everybody had disappeared by the time I got the machine-guns over the parapet. However, knowing the objective, I pushed on towards the Church Tower."

"How did you enjoy yourself passing Fosse Eight?" enquired Captain Wagstaffe.

"Thank you, we got a dose of our own medicine—machine-gun fire, in enfilade. It was beastly."

"We also noticed it," Wagstaffe intimated. "That was where poor Sinclair got knocked out. What did you do?"

"I signalled to the men to lie flat for a bit, and I did the same. I did not know that it was possible for a human being to lie as flat as I lay during that quarter of an hour. But it was no good. The guns must have been high up on the Fosse: they had excellent command. The bullets simply greased all round us. I could feel them almost combing out my hair!"

"What were your sensations, exactly?" asked Kemp.

"I felt just as if an invisible person were tickling me," replied Ayling, with feeling.

"So did I," said Kemp. "Go on."

"I heard one of my men cry out that he was hit," continued Ayling, "and I came to the conclusion that we would have a better chance as moving targets than as fixed; so I passed the word to get up and move forward

steadily, in single file. Ultimately we struck a stray communication-trench, into which we descended with as much dignity as possible. It led us into some quarries."

"Off our line altogether."

"So I learned from two Companies of an English regiment which were there, acting as reserve to a Brigade which was scrapping somewhere in the direction of Hulluch; so I realized that we had worked too far to the right. We moved out of the quarries and struck over half-left, and ultimately found the Battalion, a very long way ahead, in what I took to be a Bosche third-line trench, facing east."

"Right! Fosse Trench," said Kemp. "You remember it on the map?"

"Yes, I do now," said Ayling. "Well, I planted myself on the right flank of the Battalion with two guns, and sent Sergeant Killick along with the other two to the left. You know the rest."

"I'm not sure that I do," said the Major. "We were packed so tight in that blooming trench that it was quite impossible to move about, and I only saw what was going on close around me. Did you get much machine-gun practice?"

"A fair amount, sir," replied Ayling, with professional satisfaction. "There was a lot of firing from our right front, so I combed out all the bushes and house-fronts I could see; and presently the firing died down, but not before I had had one gun put out of action with a bullet through the barrel-casing. After dark things were fairly quiet, except for constant alarms, until the order came to move back to the next trench."

Major Kemp's fist came down upon the plank table.

"Move back!" he exclaimed angrily. "Just so! To capture Fosse Trench, hold it all day and half the night, and

then be compelled to move back, simply because we had pushed so far ahead of any other Division that we had no support on either flank! It was tough—rotten—hellish! Excuse my exuberance. You all right, Wagstaffe?"

"Wonderful, considering," replied Wagstaffe. "I was mildly gassed by a lachrymous shell about two o'clock this morning; but nothing to signify."

"Did your respirator work?"

"I found that in the heat of the moment I had mislaid it."

"What did you do?"

"I climbed on to the parapet and sat there. It seemed the healthiest spot under the circumstance: anyhow, the air was pure. When I recovered I got down. What happened to 'A,' Bobby? I heard rumors, but hoped—"

He hesitated.

"Go on," he said abruptly; and Bobby, more composed now, told his tale.

"A" Company, it appeared, had found themselves clinging grimly to the section of Fosse Trench which they had captured, with their left flank entirely in the air. Presently came an order. Further forward still, half-right, another isolated trench was being held by a portion of the Highland Brigade. These were suffering cruelly, for the German artillery had the range to a nicety, and convenient sapheads gave the German bombers easy access to their flanks. It is more than likely that this very trench had been constructed expressly for the inveiglement of a too successful attacking party. Certainly no troops could live in it for long. "A" Company were to go forward and support.

Captain Blaikie, passing word to his men to be ready, turned to Bobby.

"I'm a morose, dour, monosyllabic Scot, Bobby," he said; "but this sort of thing bucks me up."

Next moment he was over the para-

pet, and away, followed by his Company. In that long, steadily-advancing line were many of our friends. Mucklewame was there, panting heavily, and cannily commanding his soul to Providence. Messrs. Ogg and Hogg were there, shoulder to shoulder. M'Ostrich, the Ulster visionary, was there, six paces ahead of any other man, crooning some Ironside canticle to himself. Next behind him came the reformed revolutionary, M'Slattery.

Straightway the enemy observed the oncoming reinforcements, and shrapnel began to fly. The men pressed on, at a steady double now. M'Ostrich was the first to go down. Game to the last, he waved encouragement to his mates with a failing arm as they passed over his body.

"Come along, boys!" cried Captain Blaikie, suddenly eloquent. "There is the trench! The other lads are waiting for you. Come along! Charge!"

The men needed no further bidding. They came on—with a ragged cheer—and assuredly would have arrived, but for one thing. Suddenly they faltered, and stopped dead.

Captain Blaikie turned to his faithful subaltern, panting behind him.

"We are done in, Bobby," he said. "Look! Wire!"

He was right. This particular trench, it was true, was occupied by our friends; but it had been constructed in the first instance for the use of our enemies. Consequently it was wired, and heavily wired, upon the side facing the British advance.

Captain Blaikie, directing operations with a walking-stick as if the whole affair were an Aldershot field-day, signalled to the Company to lie down, and began to unbutton a leather pouch in his belt.

"You too, Bobby," he said; "and don't dare to move a muscle until you get the order!"

He strolled forward, pliers in hand,

and began methodically to cut a passage, strand by strand, through the forest of wire.

Then it was that invisible machine-guns opened, and a very gallant officer and Scotsman fell dead upon the field of honor.

Half an hour later, "A" Company, having expended all their ammunition and gained never a yard, fell back upon the rest of the Battalion. Including Bobby Little (who seemed to bear a charmed life), they did not represent the strength of a platoon.

"I wonder what they will do with us next," remarked Mr. Waddell, who had finished his bully.

"If they have any sense of decency," said Major Kemp, "they will send us back to rest a bit, and put another Division in. We have opened the ball and done a lot of dirty work for them, and have lost a lot of men and officers. Bed for me, please!"

"I should be more inclined to agree with you, Major," said Wagstaffe, "if only we had a bit more to show for our losses."

"We haven't done so badly," replied Kemp, who was growing more cheerful under the influence of hot cocoa. "We have got the Hohenzollern, and the Bosche first line at least, and probably Fosse Eight. On the right I hear we have taken Loos. That's not bad for a start. I have not the slightest doubt that there will be a heavy counter-attack, which we shall repel. After that we shall attack again, and gain more ground, or at least keep the Bosche exceedingly busy holding on. That is our allotted task in this entertainment—to go on hammering the Hun, occupying his attention and using up his reserves, regardless of whether we gain ground or lose it, while our French pals on the right are pushing him off the map. At least, that is my theory: I don't pretend to be in touch with the

official mind. This battle will probably go on for a week or more, over practically the same ground. It will be dreadful for the wounded, but even if we only hold on to what we have gained already, we are the winners. Still, I wish we could have consolidated Fosse Trench before going to bed."

At this moment the Colonel, stooping low in the tiny door-way, entered the dug-out, followed by the Adjutant. He bade his supporters good-morning.

"I'm glad to find that you fellows have been able to give your men a meal," he said. "It was capital work getting the ration-carts up so far last night."

"Any news, Colonel?" asked Major Kemp.

"Most decidedly. It seems that the enemy have evacuated Fosse Trench again. Nobody quite knows why: a sudden attack of cold feet, probably. Our people command their position from Fosse Eight, on their left rear, so I don't altogether blame them. Whoever holds Fosse Eight holds Fosse Trench. However, the long and short of it all is that the Brigade are to go forward again this evening, and re-occupy Fosse Trench. Meanwhile, we consolidate things here."

Major Kemp sighed.

"Bed indefinitely postponed!" he remarked resignedly.

III.

By midnight on the same Sunday the Battalion, now far under its original strength, had re-entered the scene of yesterday's long struggle, filing thither under the stars, by a deserted and ghostly German *boyau* nearly ten feet deep. Fosse Trench erred in the opposite direction. It was not much more than four feet in depth; the chalky parapet could by no stretch of imagination be described as bullet-proof; dug-outs and communication-trenches were non-existent. On

our left the trench-line was continued by the troops of another Division: on our right lay another battalion of our own brigade.

"If the line has been made really continuous this time," observed the Colonel, "we should be as safe as houses. Wonderful fellows, these sappers! They have wired almost our whole front already. I wish they had had time to do it on our left as well."

Within the next few hours all defensive preparations possible in the time had been completed, and our attendant angels, most effectively disguised as Royal Engineers, had flitted away, leaving us to wait for Monday morning—and Brother Bosche.

With the dawn our eyes, which had known no sleep since Friday night, peered rheumily out over the whitening landscape. To our front the ground stretched smooth and level for two hundred yards; then fell gently away, leaving a clearly defined skyline. Beyond the skyline rose houses, of which we could descry only the roofs and upper windows.

"That must be either Haisnes or Douvrin," said Major Kemp. "We are much farther to the left than we were yesterday. By the way, *was* it yesterday?"

"The day before yesterday, sir," the ever-ready Waddell informed him.

"Never mind; to-day's the day, anyhow. And it's going to be a busy day, too. The fact is, we are in a tight place, and all through doing too well. We have again penetrated so much farther forward than any one else in our neighborhood that we *may* have to fall back a bit. But I hope not. We have a big stake, Waddell. If we can hold on to this position until the others make good upon our right and left, we shall have reclaimed a clear mile of the soil of France, my son." The Major swept the horizon with his glasses. "Let me see: that is probably

Hulluch away on our right front: the Loos towers must be in line with us on our extreme right, but we can't see them for those hillocks. There is our old friend Fosse Eight towering over us on our left rear. I don't know anything about the ground on our absolute left, but so long as that flathead regiment hold on to their trench, we can't go far wrong. Waddell, I don't like those cottages on our left front. They block the view, and also spell machine-guns. I see one or two very suggestive loopholes in those red-tiled roofs. Go and draw Ayling's attention to them. A little preliminary *strafing* will do them no harm."

Five minutes later one of Ayling's machine-guns spoke out, and a cascade of tiles came sliding down the roofs of the offending cottages.

"That will tickle them up, if they have any guns set up on those rafters," observed the Major, with ghoulish satisfaction. "I wonder if Brer Bosche is going to attack. I hope he does. There is only one thing I am afraid of, and that is that there may be some odd saps or trenches running out towards us, especially on our flanks. If so, we shall have some close work with bombs—a most ungentlemanly method of warfare. Let us pray for a straightforward frontal attack."

But Brer Bosche had other cards to play first. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the air was filled with "whizz-bang" shells, moving in a lightning procession which lasted nearly half an hour. Most of these plastered the already scarred countenance of Fosse Eight: others fell shorter and demolished our parapet. When the tempest ceased, as suddenly as it began, the number of casualties in the crowded trench was considerable. But there was little time to attend to the wounded. Already the word was running down the line:—

"Look out to your front!"

Sure enough, over the skyline, two

hundred yards away, gray figures were appearing—not in battalions, but tentatively, in twos and threes. Next moment a storm of rapid rifle-fire broke from the trench. The gray figures turned and ran. Some disappeared over the horizon, others dropped flat, others simply curled up and withered. In three minutes solitude reigned again, and the firing ceased.

"Well, that's that!" observed Captain Wagstaffe to Bobby Little, upon the right of the Battalion line. "The Bosche has 'bethought himself and went,' as the poet says. Now he knows we are here, and have brought our arquebuses with us. He will try something more likely next time. Talking of time, what about breakfast? When was our last meal, Bobby?"

"Haven't the vaguest notion," said Bobby sleepily.

"Well, it's about breakfast-time now. Have a bit of chocolate? It is all I have."

It was eight o'clock, and perfect silence reigned. All down the line men, infinitely grubby, were producing still grubbier fragments of bully-beef and biscuit from their persons. For an hour, squatting upon the sodden floor of the trench—it was raining yet again—the unappetizing, intermittent meal proceeded.

Then—

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bobby with a jerk (for he was beginning to nod); "what was that on our right?"

"I'm afraid," replied Wagstaffe, "that it was bombs. It was right in this trench, too, about a hundred yards along. There must be a sap leading up there, for the bombers certainly have not advanced over-ground. I have been looking out for them since stand-to. Who is this anxious gentleman?"

A subaltern of the battalion on our right was forcing his way along the trench. He addressed Wagstaffe.

"We are having a pretty bad time

with Bosche bombers on our right, sir," he said. "Will you send us down all the bombs you can spare?"

Wagstaffe hoisted himself upon the parapet.

"I will see our C.O. at once," he replied, and departed at the double. It was a risky proceeding, for German bullets promptly appeared in close attendance; but he saved a good five minutes on his journey to Battalion Headquarters at the other end of the trench.

Presently the bombs began to arrive, passed from hand to hand. Wagstaffe returned, this time along the trench.

"We shall have a tough fight for it," he said. "The Bosche bombers know their business, and probably have more bombs than we have. But those boys on our right seem to be keeping their end up."

"Can't we do anything?" asked Bobby feverishly.

"Nothing—unless the enemy succeed in working right down here; in which case we shall take our turn of getting it in the neck—or giving it! I fancy old Ayling and his pop-gun will have a word to say, if he can find a nice straight bit of trench. All we can do for the present is to keep a sharp look-out in front. I have no doubt they will attack in force when the right moment comes."

For close on three hours the bomb-fight went on. Little could be seen, for the struggle was all taking place upon the extreme right; but the sounds of conflict were plain enough. More bombs were passed up, and yet more; men, some cruelly torn, were passed down.

Then a signal-sergeant doubled up across country from somewhere in rear, paying out wire, and presently the word went forth that we were in touch with the Artillery. Directly after, sure enough, came the blessed sound and sight of British

shrapnel bursting over our right front.

"That won't stop the present crowd," said Wagstaffe, "but it may prevent their reinforcements from coming up. We are holding our own, Bobby. What's that, Sergeant?"

"The Commanding Officer, sirr," announced Sergeant Carfrae, "has just passed up that we are to keep a sharp look-out to our left. They've commenced for to bomb the English regiment now."

"Golly, both flanks! This is getting a trifle steep," remarked Wagstaffe.

Detonations could now be distinctly heard upon the left.

"If they succeed in getting round behind us," said Wagstaffe in a low voice to Bobby, "we shall have to fall back a bit, into line with the rest of the advance. Only a few hundred yards, but it means a lot to us!"

"It hasn't happened yet," said Bobby stoutly.

Captain Wagstaffe knew better. His more experienced eye and ear had detected the fact that the position of the regiment upon the left was already turned. But he said nothing.

Presently the tall figure of the Colonel was seen, advancing in leisurely fashion along the trench, stopping here and there to exchange a word with a private or a sergeant.

"The regiment on the left may have to fall back, men," he was saying. "We, of course, will stand fast and cover their retirement."

This most characteristic announcement was received with a matter-of-fact "Varra good, sir," from its recipients, and the Colonel passed on to where the two officers were standing.

"Hallo, Wagstaffe," he said; "good-morning! We shall get some very pretty shooting presently. The enemy are massing on our left front, down behind those cottages. How are things going on our right?"

"They are holding their own, sir."

"Good! Just tell Ayling to get his guns trained. But doubtless he has done so already. I must get back to the other flank."

And back to the danger-spot our C.O. passed—an upright, gallant figure, saying little, exhorting not at all, but instilling confidence and cheerfulness by his very presence.

Half-way along the trench he encountered Major Kemp.

"How are things on the left, sir?" was the Major's *sotto voce* enquiry.

"Not too good. Our position is turned. We have been promised reinforcements, but I doubt if they can get up in time. Of course, when it comes to falling back, this regiment goes last."

"Of course, sir."

IV.

*Highlanders! Four hundred yards!
At the enemy advancing half-left, rapid fire!*

Twenty minutes had passed. The regiment still stood immovable, though its left flank was now utterly exposed. All eyes and rifles were fixed upon the cluster of cottages. Through the gaps that lay between these could be discerned the advance of the German infantry—line upon line. Each time one of these lines passed a gap the rifles rang out and Ayling's remaining machine-gun uttered joyous barks. Still the enemy advanced. His shrapnel was bursting overhead; bullets were whistling from nowhere; for the attack in force was now being pressed home in earnest.

The deserted trench upon our left ran right through the cottages, and this restricted our view. No hostile bombers could be seen; it was evident that they had done their bit and handed on the conduct of affairs to others. Behind the shelter of the cottages the infantry were making a safe detour, and were bound, unless some-

thing unexpected happened, to get round behind us.

"They'll be firing from our rear in a minute," said Kemp between his teeth. "Lochgair, order your platoon to face about and be ready to fire over the parados."

Young Lochgair's method of executing this command was characteristically thorough. He climbed in leisurely fashion upon the parados; and standing there, with all his six-foot-three in full view, issued his orders.

"Face this way, boys! Keep your eyes on that group of buildings just behind the empty trench, in below the Fosse. You'll get some target practice presently. Don't go and forget that you are the straightest-shooting platoon in the Company. There they are"—he pointed with his stick—"lots of them—coming through that gap in the wall! Now then, rapid fire, and let them have it! Oh, well done, boys! Good shooting! Very good! Very good indeed!"

He stopped suddenly, swayed, and toppled back into the trench. Major Kemp caught him in his arms, and laid him gently upon the chalky floor. There was nothing more to be done. Young Lochgair had given his platoon their target, and the platoon were now firing steadily upon the same. He closed his eyes and sighed, like a tired child.

"Carry on, Major!" he murmured faintly. "I'm all right."

So died the simple-hearted, valiant enthusiast whom we had christened Othello.

The entire regiment—what was left of it—was now firing over the back of the trench; for the wily Teuton had risked no frontal attack, seeing that he could gain all his ends from the left flank. Despite vigorous rifle-fire and the continuous maledictions of the machine-gun, the enemy were now

pouring through the cottages behind the trench. Many gray figures began to climb up the face of Fosse Eight, where apparently there was none to say them nay.

"We shall have a cheery walk back, I don't think!" murmured Wagstaffe.

He was right. Presently a withering fire was opened from the summit of the Fosse, which soon began to take effect in the exiguous and ill-protected trench.

"The Colonel is wounded, sir," reported the Sergeant-Major to Major Kemp.

"Badly?"

"Yes, sir."

Kemp looked round him. The regiment was now alone in the trench, for the gallant company upon their right had been battered almost out of existence.

"We can do no more good by staying here any longer," said the Major. "We have done our little bit. I think it is a case of 'Home, John!' Tell off a party to bring in the C.O., Sergeant-Major."

Then he passed the order.

"Highlanders, retire to the trenches behind, by Companies, beginning from the right."

"Whatever we may think of the Bosche as a gentleman," mused that indomitable philosopher, Captain Wagstaffe, as he doubled stolidly rearward behind his Company, "there is no denying his bravery as a soldier or his skill in co-ordinating an attack. It's positively uncanny, the way his artillery supports his infantry. (Hallo, that was a near one!) This enfilade fire from the Fosse is most unpleasant. (I fancy that one went through my kilt.) Steady there, on the left: don't bunch, whatever you do! Thank heaven, there's the next line of trenches, fully manned. And thank God, there's that boy Bobby tumbling in unhurt!"

v.

So ended our share in the Big Push.

It was a very small episode, spread over quite a short period, in one of the biggest and longest battles in the history of the world. It would have been easy to select a more showy episode, but hard to find a better illustration of the character of the men who took part in it. The battle which began upon that gray September morning has been raging, as I write, for nearly three weeks. It still surges backwards and forwards over the same stricken mile of ground; and the end is not yet. But the Hun is being steadily beaten to earth. (Only yesterday, in one brief furious counter-attack, he lost eight thousand killed.) When the final advance comes, as come it must, and our victorious line sweeps forward, it will pass over two narrow, ill-constructed, shell-torn trenches. In and around those trenches will be found the bodies of men—Jocks, and Jimmies, and Sandies, and Andies—clad in the uniform of almost every Scottish regiment. That assemblage of mute, glorious witnesses marks the point reached, during the first few hours of the first day's fighting, by the Scottish Division of "K(1)." *Molliter ossa cubent.*

There is little more to add to the record of those three days. For yet another night we carried on—repelling counter-attacks, securing the Hohenzollern, making sorties out of Big Willie, or manning the original front-line parapet against eventualities. As is inevitable in a fight of these proportions, whole brigades were mingled together, and unexpected leaders arose to take the place of those who had fallen. Many a stout piece of work was done that night by mixed bands of kilties, flat-heads, and even cyclists, marshalled in a captured German trench and shepherded by a junior subaltern.

Finally, about midnight, came the blessed order that fresh troops were coming up to continue the attack, and

that we were to be extricated from the *mélée* and sent back to rest. And so, after a participation in the battle of some seventy-two hours, our battered Division came out—to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion in dug-outs behind the railway line, and to receive, upon waking, the thanks of its corps commander.

VI.

And here I propose (for a time, at least) to take leave of the First Hundred Thousand. Some day, if Providence wills, the tale shall be resumed; and you shall hear how Major Kemp, Captain Wagstaffe, Ayling, and Bobby Little, assisted by such veterans as

Blackwood's Magazine.

Corporal Mucklewame, built up the regiment, with copious drafts and a fresh batch of subalterns, to its former strength.

But the title of the story will have to be changed. In the hearts of those who drilled them, reasoned with them, sometimes almost wept over them, and ultimately fought shoulder to shoulder with them, the sturdy, valiant legions, whose humorously-pathetic career you have followed so patiently for fifteen months, will always be First; but alas! they are no longer The Hundred Thousand.

So we will leave them, as is most justly due, in sole possession of their proud title.

WHAT IS A GOOD PLOT?*

Mr. Arnold Bennett in his book writes as an amateur about himself and other professionals. For, though a professional novelist, he is an amateur critic. It is not his business to turn round quickly and look at himself as a writer. Yet he does it with all the more spirit because he does it as an amateur; and the criticism of artists is usually good because it is amateur criticism. They do not feel any responsibility in it, and, if they are artists, they do not give themselves airs. But—and Mr. Bennett would be the first to allow this—they do not in their criticism speak with the authority of artists, for criticism is a different business from creation. Mr. Bennett says, quite rightly, that no critic has a right to tell the artist what he ought to do. But that kind of telling is not criticism: it is mere presumption. And so it is presumption in the artist to tell the critic how he ought to feel. When it comes to experiencing

a work of art the artist ceases to be an artist and becomes himself one of the public, becomes merely a critic, who has to prove himself as a critic and cannot, because he is an artist, expect us to take his word for it that this is good or that is bad.

So, when Mr. Bennett speaks about novels as one of the public, when he speaks of their effect upon the reader, we can agree or disagree with him without reminding ourselves that he himself has written "The Old Wives' Tale." That admirable work has nothing to do with what he says about the effect of novels, for there he speaks as a reader, not as a writer, and we are readers too. We have experienced novels as much as he has, though some of us may not have written them. In the matter of plots, for instance, when he tells us how to construct them he does speak with the authority of the artist. But when he tells us what is a good plot he is dealing with the effect of plots on the reader, and there

* "The Author's Craft." By Arnold Bennett. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

he speaks as a critic and with no more authority than other critics. Thus, he says, very rightly, that a plot is not necessarily good because you cannot tell in it what is going to happen next. "In some of the most tedious novels ever written you cannot tell what is going to happen next—and you do not care a fig what is going to happen next." But, he adds, "It would be nearer the mark to say that the plot is good when you want to make sure what will happen next. Good plots set you anxiously guessing what will happen next."

Most people would agree to this; but is it true? Is it true that in the best novels or the best plays we guess anxiously what will happen next? We assume the best novels and the best plays to have the best plots, because plots are made for novels, not novels for plots. You cannot separate the plot from the novel or the play. You cannot say that *King Lear* is a better play than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* but that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* has the better plot. A play, if it is successful, has a successful plot; and that is all that a plot need be. Most people when they say that a plot is good mean that they enjoy its ingenuity. But we do not enjoy the ingenuity of the greatest works of art; we enjoy them altogether, without asking ourselves any questions about the plot.

Assuming, then, the best novels and plays to have the best plots, do we in these works anxiously guess what will happen next? We will put it more personally. Would Mr. Bennett be satisfied with a reader of his "Old Wives' Tale" who while he read was anxiously guessing what would happen next? Would he not think it a better proof of his success if the reader was so interested in what was happening at the moment that he never stopped to ask what was going to happen next?

That, at any rate, is to us, as readers, the proof that a story or a play is succeeding completely with us. When we read "War and Peace" or "The Idiot" we do not ask what is going to happen next. What is happening as we read entralls us, for it is the people in these books who live for us, not the events. The events only exist so that the people may live and move and have their being in them. And the same is true of great plays like *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, even though they have violent plots. The plots are violent, not so that they may excite anxiety in us, but so that the characters may live at a tragic height, so that they may be intensely interesting in themselves, and not because of their doubtful future. Shakespeare and Tolstoy have this power in common, that their characters are themselves the moment they begin to talk and act. If a character has been off the stage or out of the story for a while they need no time to quicken him when he returns. He enters and he lives at once. Therefore they can, without waste of time or power, turn from one scene or one set of characters to another, giving us, not a continuous story, but, as it were, a searchlight thrown now on one point, now on another, of a stream of events. That is how they construct their plots; and they do so, not because they are clumsy or careless constructors, but because they do not need the economy of feebler artists, who, when they have made a character live for us, must keep him before us as long as they can; who, when they have caught our attention, try to keep it with as little interruption as possible.

This avoidance of interruption, this economy, is, we believe, the principle underlying most good plots; at least, it is the principle by which the reader judges them. He naturally is most interested in those parts of a novel

where the characters have quickened and least interested in those parts where the author is bringing them to life. For when a character is alive he has a cumulative effect in the story. It is Hamlet himself who makes everything that he does interesting, for Shakespeare has put us in love with Hamlet; we may guess that he was in love with Hamlet himself. So Tolstoy puts us in love with Natasha in "War and Peace," and Dostoevsky with Mishkin in "The Idiot." Each of these characters seems to make the plot as soon as they appear; and we may guess that they made the plot for their creators. True, Shakespeare had an old plot to go on in *Hamlet*, but Hamlet seems to run away with it whenever he comes on the stage; and for that reason people have criticized the plot of *Hamlet* as if Shakespeare were competing in an examination in plot-making when he wrote it. The only question is whether we find anything wrong with the plot when we see the play properly acted; and the answer to that question, for those few who have had the experience necessary to answer it, is that they were not conscious of a plot at all. They were only conscious of people in strange and terrible relation which came to a strange and terrible but inevitable end. And they did not ask what that end would be before it came, because the events seemed to them to happen, not to be contrived. It was the people themselves who made them, not the author. They were, in fact, too much enthralled to be anxious, just as one is enthralled, not anxious, when listening to a great piece of music.

One may say that anxiety about the future is no more a proper effect of narrative than of music. In both what is needed is cumulative power. That is their peculiar virtue as arts of time rather than arts of space like painting.

In them the future is conditioned by the past and present, not the past and present by the future. And the aim of a plot is, not to produce anxiety, but to have cumulative power, which is also the aim of structure in music. Every one says that the interest of a plot ought to increase up to the end, which is true; but this increase of interest is not necessarily an increase in anxiety, for it is, in the best works, interest in the present that increases, not in the future; and the interest is caused by what has happened, not by what we expect to happen.

The knowledge ought to be unnecessary to good writers, but it may affect the judgment of critics. It may prevent them from considering plots apart from the works that contain them, and from giving so many marks for plot and so many for character, as if they were examiners. If a critic only cares for stories that set him guessing, that is his fault, not the fault of the stories that do not set him guessing. But even great writers have been misled by the notion that a plot ought to set us guessing. Dickens, for instance, seems to have felt that he owed it as duty to his readers to set them guessing. Therefore in "Little Dorrit," which has the finest theme of all his novels, he provides a plot which has nothing to do with the theme, and which only sets us guessing why he should have tried to spoil the book with it. For in "Little Dorrit" we are painfully aware of the plot because it is distinct from the theme. The theme is the change in the Dorrit family from poverty to riches, and it is interesting because the Dorrits are interesting—interesting both in poverty and in riches. The fact that they are interesting when poor heightens the interest when they become rich. That theme ought to make the plot, but it does not. A great part of the plot is about uninteresting people who only

exist—they do not live—so that they may make the plot. We do not know what will happen next, and, as Mr. Bennett says, we do not care a fig what is going to happen next to them. We only wish they would get out of the story and leave it to the Dorrits, about whom we guess nothing, but only watch them.

The real problem for a novelist is to make a plot that will keep him interested throughout—a plot in which he will not have to interrupt his own process of creation for the sake of the story. We say that with confidence, because, as readers, it is this kind of interruption, where we feel the break in the writer's creative process, which spoils a story for us, and so spoils a plot. Therefore it comes to this, that

The Times.

the plot is entirely the writer's affair; it is a piece of contrivance by means of which he makes the best of himself, contrivance being necessary to art in this imperfect world. But, being contrivance, it succeeds when the reader is not aware of it, and the greater the artist the less contrivance he will need; which, no doubt, is the reason why critics so often say that the plots of the greatest works are not good. The critic likes to judge—it is his weakness—and he cannot judge contrivance where there is none, or where he does not see it. Mr. Bennett will, perhaps, say that we are now telling the artist what he ought to do, when we have promised not to. But, if we are inconsistent, we would still ask him whether we are not right.

DORSET RUTH.

Mrs. Bold and her daughter-in-law sat in the sunny garden to the rear of their house. Mrs. Bold, senior, was inordinately proud of that garden, which had come into being under her own hand, during the early years of her married life, when, after much persuasion, she had induced her husband to make over to her the sloping piece of ground till then dedicated to scratching chickens, derelict young pigs, weakly lambs and the like. This waste had not only blossomed into a thing of absolute beauty, but had become a very profitable source of income. Week by week, year in, year out, Mrs. Bold sent away to "Bourne" Market bunches, even sheaves, of flowers, and received in return sundry silver coins which "helped out" very considerably. Even in the winter there were snowdrops and what she called "runculus" from the sheltered patch in the angle of the house.

During the last year she had been

assisted in her labors by her daughter-in-law, Ruth, who had been a schoolmistress before young John Bold had insisted on a hasty wedding before he marched away to the Front.

John had only been home once since, after Neuve Chapelle, where he had been wounded; but little John, a chubby, black-eyed specimen of babyhood, had come to take his place in the simple household, and was at present watched with adoring eyes by Mother and "Grandma," as he lay fast asleep in his "pram" under the honeysuckle arbor, where the two were seated.

Mrs. Bold, senior, wiped her perspiring brow, and heaved a long sigh of relief as she looked about her.

"'Tis a blessing to set down now and again, isn't it?" she inquired. "Dear, to be sure, 'tis just about warm to-day!"

Ruth, a graceful, pale-faced creature, raised her beautiful dark eyes from

her work, and nodded assent. She was embroidering a little frock for Baby, and was far cooler than the elder woman.

When Private John had marched away, leaving his bride in his parents' charge, he had enjoined them to take care of her.

"Don't be lettin' her work too hard," he had commanded. "She's not used to doin' hard work, you must remember—not manual work that's to say. She works her brains hard enough. Let me find her well and strong when I do come back."

The old couple had accepted the charge with eagerness, even with enthusiasm.

Ruth was petted and cuddled with ever-increasing care, not only because she was John's wife and the mother of John's child, but because they had insensibly come to look on her as a being of a wholly different order from themselves. When she helped her mother-in-law with her garden that good woman impressed on her that she must only pursue that occupation as a pastime; when she fed the chickens or skimmed the cream the farmer and his wife were profuse in expressions of gratitude. They were inordinately proud of her gracefulness and refined speech: when she occasionally failed to understand their own they were unfeignedly delighted.

"Tisn't to be expected as she can understand our broad talk," remarked Mrs. Bold one day. "She isn't like we—she is better quality."

"I d' 'low," returned her husband emphatically, "she is quality."

"I think," went on Mrs. Bold now, after a moment's pause, during which she had slid her large brown hands luxuriously up and down the smooth folds of her clean apron, "I think bakin' do make one a'most hotter than washin'. Washin's bad enough, but there! the steam do keep ye cool, so

to speak, for ye can leave windows and door open and let the air come through like, and when ye be all m'ist wi' steam, and the draught comes through, it do strike so pleasant and cool as anything."

"I'm sure I don't know how you manage it," murmured Ruth, daintily stitching, "and Johnny such a naughty boy to soil so many pinnies!" She smiled fondly at the baby as she spoke.

"That's Grandfer's fault," rejoined Mrs. Bold, hastily. "There! whatever I can say he will go givin' the child bwones and such-like to suck. 'It will make a man o' he,' Bold d' say. 'Yes,' I tell en, 'it mid make a mon o' he, but I d' 'low it'll make a dead corpse o' I.'" She laughed, rolling her huge shoulders. "But here's Grandfer coming," she added, breaking off suddenly. "There! he is warm too! Just about! Don't 'ee walk so fast, my dear man," she called out. "Tisn't dinner-time yet. I've been bakin' to-morn and I'm just restin' a bit. Dinner's cold to-day, so ye've no need to hurry."

Farmer Bold rolled towards them, without seeming to hear her speech. His big chip hat was pushed to the back of his bald head; his shirt-sleeves were rolled up high on his knotted arms; his face was crimson with the heat and, moreover, puckered with anxiety. He was a very stout man, and the rapidity of his gait, coupled with the stress of internal emotion, caused him to pant like a steam engine as he finally halted.

"It is all very well for 'ee to say 'Don't hurry,'" he ejaculated at last. "but things have come to a pretty pass and so I tell 'ee. That there beautiful field o' wheat will get sp'lied for want o' cuttin'! The grain is fair fallin' out o' the ear."

"Ye never say so!" rejoined his wife.

"I've no patience wi' ye," he roared. "I do say so! I can't get nobody to

help me, and I can't cut the whole field by myself." As Mrs. Bold was opening her mouth, he went on with increasing exasperation. "There, if I hadn't took your advice things wouldn't be in this caddle! Says you, 'Paper says 'tis the duty of every Briton to provide for the food supply of the nation. Every carner where wheat can be grow'd, wheat *should* be grow'd,' says you, and I went and broke up that nice bit of pasture last autumn and sowed wheat." He paused, suffocating.

"So ye did," agreed his wife, soothingly, "and a wonderful fine crop it is, too, and amazing early."

"Drat the woman!" exclaimed her lord. "A body would think it was somethin' to boast about. It do mean a big loss for us, a terrible big loss. Yes, it do, I'll not make no bwones about it. They commandeered my best harse, didn't they? And now Lightfoot's gone lame. I thought I could manage to get field cut by hand, but there's no hands to cut it. I've been trampin' since breakfast and can't find nobody. Abel Tewley, *he's* gone now."

"Never!" ejaculated Mrs. Bold.

"He is though, and Mr. Bond says he can't no-ways spare Timothy—I was countin' on Timothy, but his own hands is full, he says."

"Dear, to be sure!" ejaculated Mrs. Bold, turning quite pale; "what can we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know what we can do," grunted he, a little more amicably now that he had shot his bolt. Meeting Ruth's eyes full of distress he actually smiled.

"Tisn't such a big field," he murmured, as though half to himself.

"What do they do in other places?" inquired she, anxious to prove her interest in the family dilemma.

"Well, in some places they ain't so bad off," explained her father-in-law, "the bwoy-chaps haven't all j'ined to the extent that they've j'ined here. Sol-

diers do help here and there, I'm told, but I suppose that's on big farms. I'm but a small farmer ye see—they fair laughed when I looked in at Barracks yesterday. And in other places women do do their share."

Here he looked at his wife with returning ire.

"Well, I'm sure, Bold, I d' do my best," responded she; "but I don't see how ye can expect I to do reapin'. You know so well as me as I couldn't manage the stoopin'. 'Tisn't my will what's against it, 'tis my figure."

The farmer paused a moment, eyeing her critically. "Ah, your figure's against it," he agreed more mildly; "but there's the field what wants cuttin' and must be cut if we're not to lose on it, and it seems there's only you and I to cut it, wold lady. Ye must just do so well as ye can."

Mrs. Bold groaned.

"This here's a dreadful war!" she murmured. "There, I thought I had my hands full enough, what wi' washin', and bakin', and looking after garden."

"You must leave garden to look after itself," interposed her husband. "Better let garden be weedy than children go hungry. If we let this good crop go to waste, who knows but that little chap won't have to suffer for it one o' these days."

"Oh, Grandfather, don't say that!" cried Ruth, clasping her pretty hands together.

"There, Bold, however can you go for to hurt the poor thing's feelings!" murmured Mrs. Bold, reproachfully.

The old man rolled his head despairingly.

"I'm fair dathered, that's what I be, fair dathered! Ye may well say it's a terrible war, wold 'ooman! If it hadn't a-been for this here war I'd ha' had my own son to lend a hand, and needn't ha' been beholden to nobody. But he's gone marching off to fight the

enemy—"Bold by name and Bold by natur'," as Sergeant said to me. And now we'll have to do our share. I'm Bold by name and Bold by natur' too, and so are you, Lizzie—*Mrs.* Bold by name—ho, ho! Come, ye must show yourself Bold by natur'! Ye must act up to your name, wold lady. 'Ees, it's a good rule for folks what have a good name to live up to it."

"Well!" said Mrs. Bold, with a heavy sigh, as she hoisted herself out of her chair, "I'll go and get dinner. Don't ye look for I to go up along to field, Bold, until I've got my bread out o' the oven. I'm not going to spile my week's baking. It 'ud be so great a sin to waste bread as earn I d' low."

"Could I look after the bread for you?" asked Ruth, in a small voice.

The couple turned towards her simultaneously.

"Would ye?" asked Mrs. Bold, with evident relief. "I'll take it very kind of ye, I'm sure. I'll show ye when we gets in how to prick the loaves with a skewer, and find out when they'm baked enough."

"Don't ye go over-heatin' yourself," put in the farmer; "'tis terrible hot this day. Ye could put off comin' to help me till a bit later, ye know, Lizzie. The day's long."

"Oh yes, long enough," agreed his wife dolefully. "Dear heart alive! I know I d' find it long enough—ye'd best bide here I' the cool till dinner's ready, Ruth. Kitchen's a bit hot wi' the bakin'. I'll give ye a call."

The stout pair nodded to her in turn, and proceeded slowly up the flag path which led to the house. Farmer Bold, taking off his chip hat, fanned himself with it, his moist bald head glistening in the sun. Mrs. Bold waddled in his wake, mechanically rolling up her sleeves; Ruth, following her with her eyes, took note of the fact that, though the arms beneath were

still stout, they were unmistakably the arms of an ageing woman.

It was pleasant and cool in the arbor, the little breeze bringing delicious scent from the roses near by, and making the honeysuckle tendrils stir.

Ruth folded up her work as the cuckoo-clock struck noon. What would John be doing now? John who was "Bold by name and Bold by nature." A momentary vision passed before her of John as she had first seen him, not in khaki then, but standing on a wagon piled high with sheaves of corn. His shirt had been fluttering in just such a breeze as this; it was open at the neck, and showed his brown column of a throat. His arms were bare too, the great muscles rising as he plied his pitchfork, receiving and placing the sheaves tossed up to him by another man. He would have made little of the job which was to try so sorely the father and mother left behind. But they were "Bold by name and Bold by nature," too: the task would be accomplished, albeit with much pain and difficulty.

She smiled faintly as she recalled the farmer's words: "Ye must act up to your name, wold lady. . . . It's good for folks what have a good name to live up to it." But the smile suddenly faded and she sat upright: her name, the name that John had given her, was "Bold," like theirs—did *she* live up to it? What was she doing, lolling in the arbor while John's father and mother were bearing the heat and burden of the day—John's father and mother, who had taken her to their own, with almost unbelievable tenderness? Was she not young and slim, and strong enough in spite of her pale face?

She rose to her feet now, and lifted the child cautiously out of his perambulator, carrying him into her own room, and laying him on the bed,

where he lay, still soundly asleep. Then she entered the kitchen where her mother-in-law was in the act of closing the oven door.

"The bread's doin' nice," observed Mrs. Bold. "I d' low I won't keep Grandfer so long waitin'."

"Mother," said Ruth, "I have made up my mind to one thing, and that is you're not to go reaping to-day. You shall stay at home, and look after your bread, and take care of Baby. You can bring Baby up to the field when he wants me."

"To the field!" ejaculated Mrs. Bold.

"Yes," rejoined Ruth, and her pretty eyes shone. "I agree with what Father says, 'People should live up to their name.' My name is Bold—John gave it to me—and my first name is Ruth, and surely Ruth Bold's place is in the cornfield?"

The Cornhill Magazine.

"What's that?" exclaimed Farmer Bold from the scullery, where he had been indulging in perfunctory ablutions.

The girl went to him and took hold of his white "pinner."

"I'm coming reaping with you to-day, Grandfer," she said, smiling and dimpling as she used the homely word. "Folks should live up to their name, you say. Then I say Ruth Bold's place is with her husband's people."

Then, looking earnestly into his face, she added emphatically, "I d' low it is."

The old pair looked at each other and nodded with dim eyes. Ruth's adoption of their own rustic speech held for them meanings deep and sacred; it was as though she said:—

"Henceforth, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

M. E. Francis.

THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

After carefully reading through the American note from end to end, not excluding the appendices, we frankly decline to advise or to prompt the Government in any way. As an English philosopher has said: A man is not bound to know everything. The American note is quite clearly a matter for expert international lawyers and for those who are closely in touch with neutral opinion and have intimate means of knowing what precisely are the dangers or advantages of yielding a point or refusing to yield a point in this connection or that.

The American note was received in this country at about the same time as the news of the judicial murder of Edith Cavell, and its publication coincides with a fresh outrage committed by the enemy fleet upon a defenceless passenger ship carrying American passengers. Many people in Great Britain

express surprise that, while our enemies are thus flouting international law and feeling in all directions, the American Government should insist upon American grievances against the British Fleet. Is this surprise really justifiable or to be squared with the strict worldly sense of the whole position? Possibly it will be of advantage for the British public to look at the matter for a moment from the American point of view. There is no doubt that the judicial murder of Miss Cavell, for reasons we have already examined, has raised in neutral observers, particularly in America, a more passionate public indignation than any other of the acts of Germany. Nevertheless, the new American note assumes as completely detached a view of the War as any which have preceded it. America remains, and will continue to remain, a neutral country in her dealings with

Europe—a fact which seems curiously to surprise many emotional and thoughtless people. We doubt whether that section of the British public which half expects America to come into the War purely out of humanity and sentiment has ever seriously thought about the motives which in this worldly world move Governments and nations to take up arms. Are those people who rarely lose an opportunity of nudging America into the arena, who talk loudly of America's "anger" and of America's "stern replies," prepared to lay it down as a moral principle that every great nation is bound in honor to enforce its own standards of conduct and morality upon other nations? What exactly is the ground on which they expect America to intervene? There are quite a number of people who in a muddled way seem to anticipate that one day the American Government and people will say: We disapprove of the terror in Belgium; we think that the murder of civilians by sea is an offence against humanity; we abhor the judicial murder of Edith Cavell: *therefore* we intend, on a repetition of any one of these crimes, to declare war upon Germany and to enforce our own more enlightened and civilized views upon Germany by force of arms. It is well, perhaps, to warn these speculators in American sentiment that their writing and talking are barren and not altogether dignified. The time has gone by—and we see small prospect of it returning into the practical politics of to-day—when nations set out upon the remote enterprise of making a proselyte of the world. It is not probable that America, like Saladin, will offer the German race the Word or the Sword, or, like Barbarossa, lead Christian civilization towards the recovery of its place of honor. This is not the age of the Crusades, but of notes concerning the detention of neutral cargoes and of Trade

Concessions negotiated for the advancement of national prosperity. We doubt whether it would be considered justifiable for any modern Government to-day to plunge its people into war on behalf of an abstract idea whose breach or observance did not in some direct and vital fashion touch the national honor and interests of the nation concerned. It is extremely doubtful whether even those idealists who half expect America to be found before the War is finished on the side of the Allies would be prepared to say outright that it was the duty of Great Britain to declare war upon any Power which in any quarter of the world offended the British notion of justice and humanity and failed to administer its affairs in a Christian spirit. Their attitude is the result of not having clearly and resolutely thought at all of America's position as it must seem to Americans themselves.

Let us, for a moment, look at the American point of view, or, rather, at the main divisions of opinion in America which together determine the attitude of the American Government. It has always been most gratefully recognized by Great Britain that there is in America a generous and wide sympathy with the Allies. From first to last there has been in America a majority of the best and most representative Americans which has not wavered from a friendly and cordial attitude towards the Powers which are defending their cherished nationalism from the aggressive and insolent domination of Germany. But sympathy with the Allied cause is quite a different matter from active intervention in the War as a combatant. Indeed, there are many people in America who, in spite of their sympathy with the Allies, not only insist most strictly upon their neutrality, but also require their Government most pertinaciously to defend purely American interests from injury

by either of the belligerents. It is well known, for example, that America, in spite of a general sympathy with the Allies, was prepared to take up a very stiff and uncompromising attitude on the cotton question, and it is equally plain to-day that any really serious economic difference between America and Great Britain might even now have very serious results. It would certainly not do for our Foreign Office to assume, as too many British writers assume, that America so warmly desires the Allies to win that she will not resent any economic step we may choose to take to bring our enemy low. America very clearly regards herself as having national interests of her own, as well as sentiments on behalf of the Allied cause; and it is one of the first conditions of the War that we should respect and, where it is reasonable and practicable, that we should defer to those interests. America has to be treated as an independent and neutral nation, and this fact is not altered one iota by any talk of cousinship or common humanity.

On either side of the general body of public opinion in America which is sympathetic and neutral there is (a) the war party of Mr. Roosevelt and (b) the German colony of active propagandists and conspirators. Neither of these parties is of much importance except in so far as it influences the public at large. The German plotting stiffens American opinion against Germany. The sinking of the "Lusitania" and the execution of a noble woman for whom America herself had pleaded make America less inclined to urge very far her case against the British Fleet. But an economic crisis between Great Britain and America, or an ingenious pleading of Germany for premature peace, might at any time incline the scale to a less degree in our favor. Even the war party in America do not proceed on sentiment

alone. They point to the breach of an international law *to which America was herself a party*, or they insist upon the flouting of American representations or the peril of American lives. The British sentimentalists even here must realize that the vision of an American crusade is the maddest of moonshine.

But perhaps we ought to bring the matter nearer home if we wish to realize the baseless character of much of the popular writing and speculation as to America's future conduct. Suppose that Belgium in 1914 had been an island off the coast of Mexico—an island with which we had no treaty, whose independence we had in no way guaranteed, whose Sovereign had no grounds on which to plead to us for help. What proportion of the British public would have said that by the laws of humanity and honor we were bound to go to the assistance of that small and distant principality? Would the world have said that we were disgraced in standing aside while a stronger Power invaded and maltreated it? Would any of those speakers and writers who to-day desire to see America leading a crusade against the Germans in Belgium or Serbia have clamored for war purely on moral and sentimental grounds? America, with regard to Belgium, had no obvious liability. Great Britain was bound equally in honor and self-defence. America was not bound at all. It is true that the American Government had signed certain international documents at The Hague which Germany contemptuously disregarded. But such a signature did not commit the American people to war. The Hague declarations are an expression of civilized opinion. They are not, and we fail to see how they can be, laws of police.

As belligerents in the present War we have the right to expect of America

one thing, and one thing alone. We have a right to require that America shall be consistent. America stands by neutrality. America has not taken Mr. Roosevelt's view that it was her mission to enforce her own moral views upon the world. We have a right to expect that America shall abide by this neutrality, and, having kept sentiment out of her public dealings with the Allies, will not allow sentiment to intrude should Germany ever seek to use the American love of peace and internationalism to win an armistice at our expense. The Allies are set upon fighting the War to a finish. They are set upon getting the military power of Prussia under. America has stood aloof from the War, prudently taking up the attitude that war for an abstract idea is not practical policy to-day. We believe that America, in the day when Germany turns from weapons of war to weapons of intrigue, seeking thereby to escape the worst consequences of a criminal career, will remain equally aloof. It is part of Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine to-day that intervention on behalf of morality would have given his country the right to dictate morality to the nations in a general settlement. That is a great idea—an idea greater, perhaps, than this practical and hard-drained age can comfortably digest; but it is an idea which the American nation has definitely rejected. It follows that America—and we believe that all sensible Americans will agree—has no moral right to say when or how the War shall end.

Doubtless it will be considered a cynical and brazen thing to say that wars of pure sentiment are not now

The Saturday Review.

the fashion; and possibly this will be taken to mean that honor no longer exists as a motive. The answer to that is that honor ruled the whole British nation in August, 1914, when at the cry of Belgium invaded the country rose behind its leaders, prepared to fight upon this one issue alone. We recognize our obligations and we are fighting for them to-day. It is not cynicism, but sense, to recognize that there are degrees of obligation, and that our obligation towards Belgium was of a very high degree. Nor is it cynicism, but sense, to recognize that sometimes honor and interest run together. British statesmen long ago recognized that British interest was bound up in Belgian independence, and they were careful to bind up our honor with our interest in a common bond. We are thus able to-day to fight in a just as well as in a necessary cause. If it be objected that nations may sometimes be asked to fight where honor alone is at stake, it can be pertinently answered that where nations are wisely inspired this can seldom occur. Statesmen do not lightly engage the honor of their country in distant and profitless adventures. When nations find their honor thus engaged they must pay for the lack of foresight in their rulers, and redeem their honor at a loss. America was in no sense engaged in August 1914, and has successfully avoided engaging herself since War broke out. She incurs no loss of honor by remaining neutral. She simply incurs whatever moral consequences may ensue from having no active part in the struggle of European civilization with its strong and brutal enemy.

THE FOUR-POSTER.

"There he is," said Francesca. "I can hear his step on the gravel."

"I'm glad he's come at last," I said. "This suspense has been very trying."

"He's wearing a top-hat," said Francesca, peeping through the window, "and a very nice-looking overcoat. Run and open the front-door for him."

"No," I said, "let the front-door be opened in the usual way."

"No," she said, "you do it. He'll give us a better price if we're polite to him."

"If he thinks we're grovelling to him he won't give us anything at all."

"Pooh," said Francesca. "I bet we shall get a hundred pounds for it."

"I bet on a hundred-and-fifty," I said. "You must remember it's of the best period."

I ought, perhaps, to explain that this conversation referred to the old four-poster bed, the gift-of Francesca's grandmother, which for nearly twenty years had occupied the greater part of the floor-space and wall-space in one of the spare bedrooms. It was as lofty as it was otherwise immense and gloomy. Any guest who occupied it seemed to dwindle away to a speck on its vast acreage. It is related that a young nephew, spending part of his last holidays with us, overslept himself one fine morning, and that the bed was duly made over his body without his presence being noticed or suspected. In consequence of Mr. McKenna's budget it had now been decided that the bed was to be sold, and Messrs. Spindlewood and Sons, the celebrated furniture people, had sent their Mr. Jacobson down to inspect and appraise it.

I welcomed Mr. Jacobson in the hall and immediately felt that paralysis of all the mental faculties which is apt to overcome me in the presence of an expert.

"We will now," I said, "go up-stairs and I will show you the *corpus delicti*."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Jacobson, "I thought I was to see a four-poster bedstead."

"So you are, Mr. Jacobson," I said, "so you are."

"But the *corpus*?" said Mr. Jacobson. "I think you mentioned a *corpus* of some kind?"

"Quite right, Mr. Jacobson," I said. "It's been in the family a long time, and that's our pet name for it."

We had now reached the bedroom passage and in a moment I had thrown open the door of the spare room and had introduced Mr. Jacobson to his victim.

"There it is," I said, "as large as life and twice as natural, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Jacobson. "I shouldn't say it was *quite* as large as all that. They sometimes run a good bit larger. We got a bed two years ago from Lord Oldbury's house in Staffordshire—you may possibly have been there?"

"No," I said, "not exactly, but I've often heard about it."

"Ah," said Mr. Jacobson. "Then I daresay you heard his bed mentioned. I don't think I'm wrong in saying that bed would give yours eighteen inches in length and a foot in breadth."

"Indeed?" I said coldly. "I shouldn't have thought that was possible."

"Dear me, yes," said Mr. Jacobson. "I know of a bed in Hampshire that you could pack this one up in and forget all about it."

"Still," I said, "size isn't everything in four-posters. This one is of the best period."

"Yes-um-yes," said Mr. Jacobson, "that's just what I'm wondering about. There's some good work in that left-hand post at the foot—late eighteenth-century, I should say, half-

way up—but the rest of it's been put in bit by bit. I can see where it's been joined up. Now this part at the head—”

“Ah,” I said, “I've always understood that to be the pride of the bed.”

“It may be,” said Mr. Jacobson dubiously; “but for my own part I should say it's a recent imitation of a post of about 1740.” He went up to it, tapped it with his knuckles, scraped it with his thumb-nail and inspected it with a little magnifying-glass which he took from his pocket.

“I thought so,” he said. “Not a day earlier than 1860.”

“But,” I said, “they did good work in 1860.”

“Oh yes, I daresay they did,” said Mr. Jacobson, “but it's not the kind of work that adds to the value of an article. You see, Sir, this bedstead of yours is made up of several different periods. It hasn't, so to say, got a proper period of its own. If I was to describe it to you, or to anyone else, for the matter of that, as belonging, say, to the eighteenth century I should be—er—misrepresenting the facts. It looks handsome in a way, but it's really too much of a botch-up to command much of a price.”

“But,” I said desperately, “I thought

Punch.

four-posters were always sure of a ready sale at a big price.”

“Ah, Sir, there was a time when *connoisseurs* were after them very hot, and many inferior articles were put upon the market to meet the demand; but that time's over long ago. Nobody wants to sleep in them and very few people want to buy them now.”

“That,” I said, “is very depressing, Mr. Jacobson. What do you advise me to do about it?”

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Jacobson, “you could break it up, you know, and either keep the posts as ornament stands or give them away for wedding presents. Or we could take it in part payment for two of our best walnut-wood bedsteads. Or, if you like, we can put it into one of our sales and make a try to push it up to five pounds.”

Shortly afterwards I said good-bye to Mr. Jacobson and reported the result of his inspection to Francesca.

“What,” she said indignantly, “break up Grandmamma's four-poster, or exchange it for two modern beds, or put it in a sale? Never! We'll keep it.”

“Yes,” I said, “and I'll go on telling people it's of the best period.”

“I shan't do that,” said Francesca. “I shall say that some good judges have attributed it to Grinling Gibbons.”

R. C. Lehmann.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

“Lotta Embury's Career” by Elia W. Peattie contains in its two hundred and fourteen pages material for a volume three times its size. The situation is original. Lotta Embury, the most popular girl in the village and the “star pupil” in her high school is sent to Chicago to study with a famous violinist. That she will become a great musician is the expectation of the whole town, and Lotta's aunt, who had set

her heart on a musical career for herself all in vain, made great sacrifices to finance the undertaking. But when Lotta's master informs her that she has no musical ability and that only her obliging disposition and natural quickness have enabled her to play the violin as she does, the problems which arise are intensely interesting. Lotta may not have a gift for music, but she has a gift for living, and when her

father's serious illness compels her to return home, she proves herself the mainstay of the family fortune and happiness. The story is complete, but is so suggestive of further development and greater detail that it is disappointingly short. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Jean of the Lazy A!" Say! that title alone will jump the releases ten per cent!" cries the manager of the moving-picture-show, when the actual Jean, the heroine of B. M. Bower's new book, "Jean of the Lazy A," proposes the phrase as the name of a play in which she takes the principal part and astonishes the entire country, the small fraction indifferent to moving-pictures excepted. The prompt Kipling first used one of these shows in fiction, but his Mrs. Bathurst was only a swiftly moving shadow of the film, and Jean is active, spirited flesh and blood, a rider unsurpassed by any of her male co-workers, and as courageous as the bravest. Moreover, she can wait, and has the capacity to be silent, to reserve her best cards, to seem unmoved by any mishap, and to remain mistress of herself even when amazing good luck attends her steps. The hero is worthy of her, but his good traits are so tardily revealed that he surprises the reader, when seen in his true colors. Incident, both in the real and in the mimic world, abounds in the story, which ends by making everybody happy except the villain, who commits suicide, and leaves his little world, the Lazy A, and the movies shut up in measureless content. The capable manager of the "movies" Robert Grant Burns, and his company are novelties in fiction. Little, Brown & Co.

In "The Star Rover" Jack London reaches the highest point he has attained in imaginative writing. It is a strange story of adventures in the

realm of the spirit experienced by a convict in a California prison. Darrell Standing, a college professor condemned to solitary imprisonment, finds out a way to become free of his body at will. He explores the lives of all those other beings since primæval man in whose bodies had dwelt the spirit which was indestructible and which in its last incarnation is known as Darrell Standing. It is the theory of theosophy illustrated by a collection of fascinating stories and each adventure contains in itself enough material for a whole book. To be sure the idea suggests "Peter Ibbetson," but "The Star Rover" is in no sense an imitation. Jack London has for so long been known as an apostle of physical strength and of the supremacy of brute force, that his message, repeated over and over, that the spirit is the only real thing and cannot die, has peculiar weight. The different individuals who became the outward expression of the spirit which was conscious of itself as Darrell Standing were all men such as Jack London likes to write about, and his assertion that the soul is immortal is expressed with the same vigorous conviction that characterizes all his opinions. Besides being an absorbing story, and a forceful sermon of a sort, the book is an exposé of prison methods and an argument for prison reform. The Macmillan Co.

"The Passionate Crime" shows E. Temple Thurston at his very best. The book is in two parts. In the first, the author, in his own person, goes to Ireland to discover, if he may, why the poet Anthony Sorel, whose poems showed no trace of a nature capable of crime, should have committed a murder and have been hanged for it. The wanderings through parts of Ireland remote from travel beaten roads, and the interesting acquaintances found

among the Irish peasants would make the book well worth reading, even if the author's quest had not been rewarded. In the second part is told the story of Anthony Sorel and Anna Quartermaine. It is one of the strangest, most mystical, poetical tales written by a modern writer. It is so full of the spirit of Celtic folk lore and the presence of faeries that it seems more like an old legend than a story of this century, and yet the characters are full of life. Perhaps the book is unfortunate in its title, which suggests one of the modern school of "thrillers," but when one has once read the history of Anthony Sorel and perceives the deeper significance of the title, it loses all other associations. The book is the most human of anything which the author has done. D. Appleton & Co.

Mary Johnston chooses for the place and period of her latest book, "The Fortunes of Garin," France of the last quarter of the twelfth century. It is a romance of courtly love, the adoration by the squire Garin of a lady whose face he had never seen, whose name he did not know, but whom he had watched afar off and who became the theme of his song, "The Fair Goal." Garin goes on a pilgrimage to Palestine and wins knighthood and fortune. Returning to France he finds war going on between two lords, ostensibly for the hand of Audiart, daughter of Gaucelm the Fortunate, one of the combatants, but actually for the purpose of extending the territory of Jaufre de Montmaure, who brought on the war. Audiart is known as the "ugly princess." She had never married, but she assists her father in ruling his realm as ably as any son, and when he falls in battle, leads his people to a final victory. Garin fights on the side of Gaucelm and his daughter, and performs many valorous deeds

alone and with the "ugly princess," whose beauty of character and great wisdom he comes to appreciate and admire. The identity of his "Fair Goal" is not hard for the reader to discover, and the tale ends in the satisfactory manner of all such romances. We are indebted to the book for an unusually fine "portrait of a lady," and the historical background is reconstructed with accuracy and an artistic sense. Houghton Mifflin Co.

That romance permeates the most inherently prosaic people has been a commonplace since Mr. Kipling wrote two poems asserting it, but Mr. Francis Lynde's "The Real Man" is almost all compact of persons and objects usually held to be remote from everything with the smallest halo of the romantic. High finance, and the organization of stock companies on no apparent basis, the death of the hero in his hour of triumph, after his deliberate wooing of two girls and his evident falsity to both, are not romantic, but the scene closes on romance as solid and simple as ever pleased the most arrant of Laura Matildas. No man knows himself until he has been tried and tried again, and none but he can discern the subjective changes made by the trials. "Same old sixpence" says the world, but he knows better. Mr. Lynde does not preach the lesson. He makes his story exemplify it and he astonishes the reader on every second page. The book is dedicated "with grateful acknowledgments to the friends and acquaintances" who have written him heart-warming letters about his earlier books. The Postmaster in his town will have plenty of work after "The Real Man" enters the public libraries. Charles Scribner's Sons.

That a book should be called "The Lost Prince" and that its author should be Frances Hodgson Burnett, is

quite enough to recommend it to young readers and older people also. Marco Loristan, a twelve-year-old boy, lives in London in unusual circumstances, educated by his father and an old soldier servant in the history and traditions of the country of Samavia. Five hundred years before, the people of Samavia tried to depose a wicked and unjust king who ruled over them and strove to put in his place his beautiful young son whom they all loved. There was a revolution and the young prince disappeared, never to be seen again, but the Samavian legend said that one day the prince would return and restore the good fortune of former times.

Marco, in his wanderings through the London streets, encounters a strange crippled boy, called the Rat, who is drilling a gang of street boys. Marco tells the Rat the legend of Samavia, and the boys begin to play the game of the "Secret Party." To relate how the game becomes a reality and the important parts played by the Rat and Marco would rob the story's climax of its interest; suffice it to say that the book ends in a truly royal manner. There is greater significance to the story than the bare outline of its events would show. The Century Co.

When Mr. Jeffrey Farnol sets the pace, a hero speeds fast and far, and thus it is in his "Beltane the Smith," a chronicle of adventure in the green-wood, of valorous deeds in castle and town, of fair courtesy and base deceit, and above all of love, which makes the world go round and changes timid maidens and carefully cherished dames to fearless champions and doughty leaders. Beltane the smith loves far above his station, and, scorning himself for loving, flees from his poor home to the society of outlaws of whom he makes companions in his war upon evil-doers of every rank. Gradually, he instils his bravery and

his noble ambitions into the souls of his friends, and with fiery zeal they turn upon their adversaries, not hesitating meanwhile to warn Beltane if he seem in danger of falling below his own standard, and so they grow in grace together until the beautiful ending of the story. Not since "Cloister and Hearth," has a better romance of chivalry been written. The squalor and magnificence, the horror and beauty, the pestilence and luxury of the period have never been more effectively contrasted and balanced. The values are preserved in the uttermost corner of the picture. Little, Brown & Co.

"Katrinka," by Helen Eggleston Haskell, should take the place occupied in the fiction of the last century by "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," for, like that tale, it relates a story of Russian parents restored to liberty by the cleverness of their little daughter. Katrinka is one of those rare creatures, a natural dancer, to whom feet are all but wings, and she has the gifts of perseverance and docility, and submits to teaching and discipline until she is the pride and idol of Petersburg with every luxury and advantage at her command. Various coincidences more than once bring her into the presence of the imperial family, and she is noticed favorably and unfavorably by several of them. The author shows her young readers how the wealthy nobles live and the crushing poverty of the poor, and she tells them why the position of the serf is less unfortunate than it sometimes appears to foreigners. But the story also exhibits some of the abuses of the law arising from the peculiarities of Russian administration, and the ugly things which may go on unsuspected by the Little Father and the entire group of Grand Dukes and Duchesses. The real persons mentioned are still

living, and the book can be made very useful in geography classes. It will help the teacher to disabuse her pupils of the erroneous notion that there is or ever was such a place as "St." Petersburg, and that is no small benefaction. What with the strange climate, and the strange life, the book is like a fairy tale. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The questions which Dr. David Jayne Hill propounds and attempts to answer in "The People's Government" (D. Appleton & Co.) are these: What is the state? What is it capable of becoming? How did it originate? Whence is its authority derived? Is there any proper limit to its authority? How far are its results dependent upon the forms of government? Is there any possible modus vivendi whereby the different classes and races of mankind may dwell together in peace? These are searching questions, and, spoken or unspoken, they must be in many minds to-day, in the midst of the greatest crisis in human history. They are discussed by Dr. Hill seriously, suggestively and hopefully; but with a note of warning to which Americans of all people may well take heed.

The "Essays and Speeches of Charles G. Dawes," who was Comptroller of the Currency in the McKinley Administration, and before and since a leading financier, cover a considerable period of time and a wide range of subjects, political, economic and financial. They treat, with great force and clearness and from a conservative point of view, some of the most pressing present-day questions of national policy—the trust problem, corporation reform, the federal reserve law, the currency, the banking laws, railroad rates, business conditions and prospects, Supreme Court decisions, the in-

itiative-referendum, etc.—and the considerations which they present may well appeal to thoughtful men. There are portraits of Mr. Dawes; of his father, General Rufus R. Dawes; and of his son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, who died three years ago at the age of twenty-two, and tributes to father and son give a touching personal note to the opening pages. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Timothy of H. B. Somerville's "Some Women and Timothy" is Timothy Augustus Pericles Errington, and that he bears the burden of his names without becoming ill-tempered is evidence of a disposition so angelic that it is small wonder that all the "women" within the permitted degrees of relationship are more than willing to accept him for their own. Besides, he has a title; is a mighty hunter; has a good pair of fists with which to defend himself and the helpless, and is not too astute to be managed by a clever woman or led by a child. He owns a dog of parts, who is called Briggs, has extraordinary accomplishments, and, like his master, can fight on occasion, being merely a four-legged Timothy. The autobiographical form is the best for telling the story of such a man as T. A. P. E., and the book abounds with quaint humor resulting from his efforts to explain his feelings and his motives, although it might be ineffectually dull to read of them were the narrative cast in the third person. The heroine is less attractive than Timothy, but is excellently adapted to his needs, not only in his opinion but in that of all of the other women, who form a species of cabal to drive the pair into matrimony. There are other lovers in the story, which ends by leaving everybody happy and content with their agreeable passage to the summit of felicity. E. P. Dutton & Co.

